The Nixon-Kissinger Journey *John Osborne*

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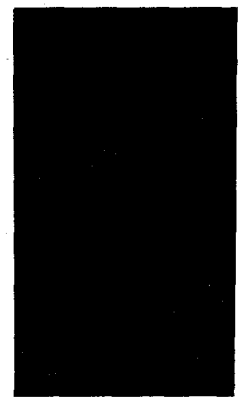

A Journal of Politics and the Arts—June 29, 1974, 50 cents

KENNEDY

Ifs, Ands, and Buts

Walter Pincus

BOOK REVIEWS

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Adam Ulam on Khrushchev's Story
Albert Schwartz on Robert Coles
Marjorie Perloff on Spender's America
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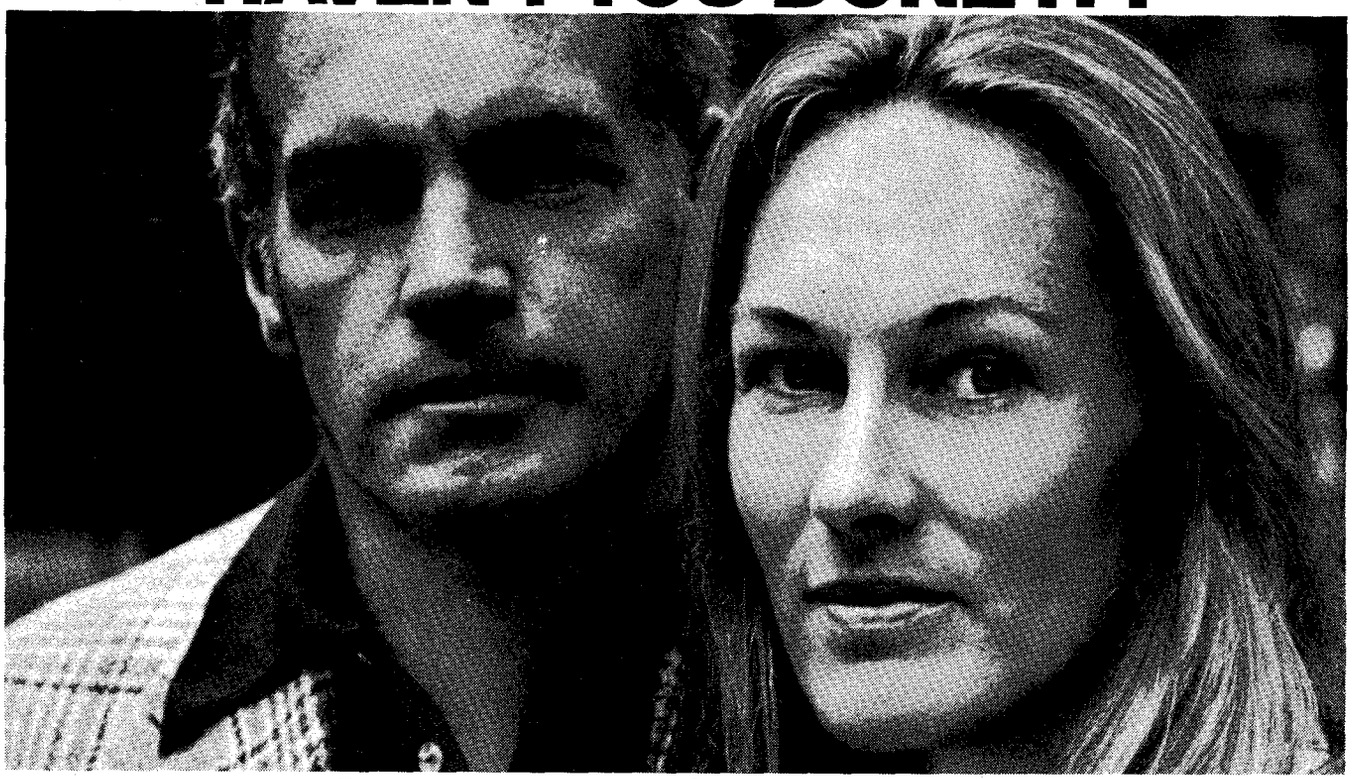

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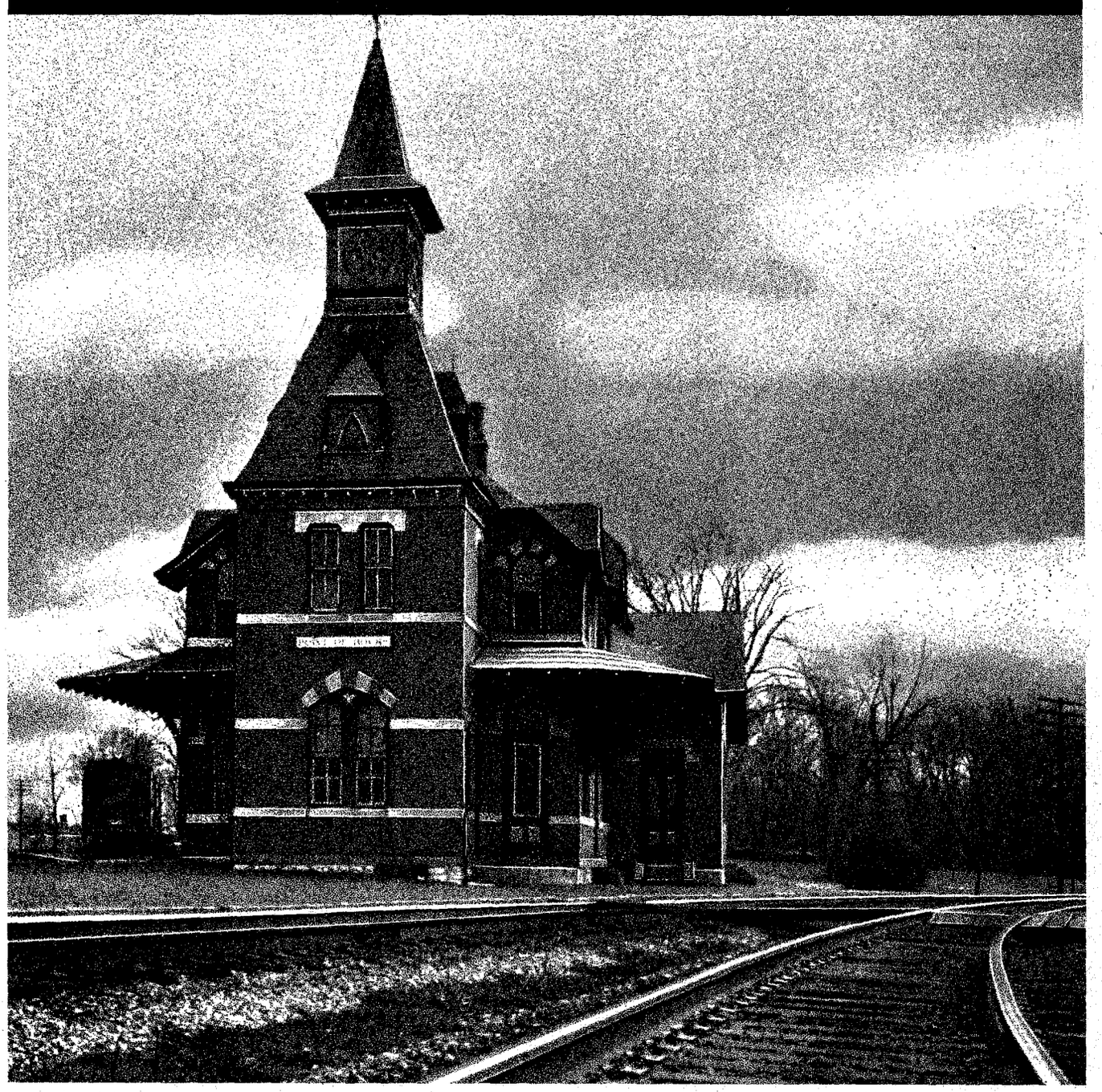

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TRB

from Washington
June 29, 1974

Beggar Your Neighbor

It is somehow symbolic that as the world's economy gets grimmer and grimmer, three of Mr. Nixon's top economists aren't economists. It is an innovative idea, in a way, like having nonlawyers on the Supreme Court. But it may also suggest why about 85 percent of those polled rate the administration lowest on economics.

Dr. Herbert Stein, head of the Council of Economic Advisers, is indeed an economist but he's leaving, and *Business Week* unkindly observes that he "has erred so badly and so often" that his "credibility is all but gone." Mr. Nixon last month, in a midyear economic review, named noneconomist Kenneth Rush to be his "counsellor for economic policy" with cabinet rank. Noneconomist William Simon heads the Treasury. Noneconomist Roy Ash heads the Office of Management & Budget. Simon and Ash are reportedly feuding, noneconomist Rush will keep peace between them, and they will all give Mr. Nixon economic advice.

Sen. Proxmire invited Rush to testify before the congressional Joint Economic Committee but Rush says he can't come because of executive privilege. The Employment Act of 1946 set up the joint committee to review the President's economic policy, but Congress is told the man put in charge won't appear. Proxmire had some well chosen words about "arrogance of power" and "immaturity," but the matter is trivial, I think, compared to the really terrifying inflation in the free world.

Living standards are falling in these rich countries, precipitating two struggles: At home—who will bear the burden? Abroad—which country can export its unemployment to its neighbor?

Much of Europe (with the exception of Germany) has inflation higher than America's 11.5 percent, and it's much higher in Japan. The oil exporters in effect put a $60 billion tax on importing countries when they quadrupled the price. That meant, of course, there is $60 billion less with which to buy other commodities. The upheaval came when a world boom was already turning inflationary. The situation is particularly hard on some 30 have-not nations with a quarter of the world's population, who were already hungry and must now find an extra $15 billion or starve.

For the rich countries, there was a quick inventory recession last winter from which they are now recovering in part—all but Italy. There's always a weak sister in the crowd. Italy looks near bankruptcy. It can't pay its bill, it has borrowed $10 billion. It's possible the US may have to decide whether to bail it out. Perhaps this overdoes it, but reasonable people are alarmed and it's touch-and-go. Italy has 2500 tons of gold valued at $3.5 billion on the official price and $12 billion on the free market price, and international central banks have just agreed to let her pledge this at the higher price, giving her more credit. But that isn't much with a trade deficit running at $13 billion annually.

This sounds statistical and dull, maybe, but there's real danger that a chain reaction will set in if individual countries try to protect themselves by putting up tariff barriers, protecting home jobs and engaging in competitive devaluation. The nations have pledged not to do this but pressure is mounting. European politicans are proposing to regain a favorable trade balance by exporting more goods and importing less. That means exporting unemployment.

In 1929 nations tried that. There had been peace since 1918. But the depression threatened Japan, and she invaded Manchuria for markets in 1931; that ended the postwar international order. Hitler came to power three years after the US prohibitive Hawley-Smoot tariff. Economic slumps have shattering political consequences.

So now we come to the United States. There is the same burden here on the poorest, on the pensioners and the elderly; the same desperate grab by corporations to keep liquid. In Japan the great Netsugaku air-conditioning firm went bankrupt; in New York the Federal Reserve has had to spoon out over a billion dollars to keep the Franklin National Bank from collapsing.

Round the world industrialists ask, "How's your liquidity?" and secretly wonder, "Who's next?" We haven't had apprehension like this for a long time.

There was the electrifying voice of FDR in 1933 saying that the only thing we had to fear was fear itself, but who pays attention today to the inspirational utterances of Mr. Nixon and his noneconomists? The great mass of Americans are confident that this trial too will pass. Yet the fact is that if inflation continues at the present horrendous rate the dollar will buy only 54 cents worth of food, shelter and clothing five years hence, and 29 cents worth in 10 years.

Today there is a big overhang of catch-up wages to meet: American labor has been so nonmilitant in the inflation that the prestigious London *Economist* last week had a five-page supplement trying to explain it. The US wage earners' real earnings have plummeted over seven percent in a year. Yet "the extraordinary truth is," says the magazine, that while there has been a "surge of strikes in almost every Western country . . . America has actually become less strike-prone." Extraordinary indeed; the magazine enviously remarks that this paradox "is not generally appreciated even inside America. Employers continue to complain about union irresponsibility."

One man who knows exactly what he wants is the chairman of the Fed, Dr. Arthur Burns. The nation is in "jeopardy," he says (with some accuracy) and he wants the economy put through the wringer. Cut back, retrench; that's the administration motto.

A group of liberal senators, Kennedy, Humphrey, Bayh, Cannon, Clark, Hart, Mondale and Nelson, and men like Henry Reuss in the House, have a different approach. They suggest some form of tax relief for the poor who carry the heaviest burden of high food and fuel prices, to be made up by closing tax loopholes—over two billion dollars, for example, by ending the hoary old oil depletion allowance. It is doubtful if they can achieve it. It is doubtful if Congress, this sapless branch of government, will do much reforming.

A month ago one would not have written so grimly. But the situations at home and abroad can hardly last; they interact. There is a potential isolationist "America First" mood in Washington, and a similar nationalistic mood growing abroad. Nobody knows whether the international line can hold.

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Looking for A Leader

The Democratic party is rich in possible presidential candidates who are led by followers who in turn are not sure where they wish to be led. Perhaps that is why, as one looks over the list, one is struck by how many vice presidential candidates there are—a fine supporting cast in search of a lead. But pity the poor would-be leader. How can he pause to ponder a course for the country if so many of his hours are given to jockeying for the inside track? He feels he must leap upon issues as on a horse: how hard can the mount be ridden, how fast and far will it carry the rider? Some say this is the way it always was. Others say the present situation is unique: impeachment dominates the news, and until the President's fate is settled, we can't put our minds to anything else. It is also possible that the Democrats seem short on distinction at the top because the election is still two years away, and by that time now invisible strengths will appear. There's the heartening example of Abraham Lincoln, who in two years went from defeat for the Senate by Stephen Douglas to the White House—and did it, to use a phrase that didn't work for its inventor, by talking sense to the American people; did it, moreover, without television, or hiring the best PR man money could buy, or appointing a commission to study the critical choices for America, or so far as we know, without a speechwriter. That was over 100 years ago and America was smaller; nevertheless it happened, and there's no law that bars history from repeating itself.

Our assessment of the Democratic performance to date should not be taken as a backhanded compliment to the likely Republican alternative. The briefest glance in that direction is enough to darken the sunniest day. Gerald Ford may look like a modern, but as Gertrude Stein said of someone else, he smells of the museum.

Are these judgments too exacting, raising impossibly high standards? Ought we to be more realistic and acknowledge that a superbly industrialized nation that can't produce a car that doesn't prove defective after 1000 miles or so, ought not to be expected to turn up another Lincoln? And should we therefore be reconciled to presidential candidates whose ambition exceeds their ability, to politicians who sense, adroitly enough, what the majority thinks it wants, rather than what the majority will know it wants when matters are more candidly explained? And if we're going to demand something

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more substantial than we're being offered by office-seekers, are we not at least obliged to appreciate what they are up against?

"It can hardly be pretended," Walter Lippmann wrote 42 years ago, "that the Democrats have as yet come together on anything that can be called a coherent program of their own. They are strong because the Republicans are weak. Their credit has been rising because the Republican credit has been falling. Their chief asset at the moment is a popular desire for change." That is the case now. But it is not the whole case. Lippmann's comment on the political climate in early 1932 does not do justice to the dilemmas of the '70s. The old road maps and sign posts are unreliable. Overnight, the world becomes almost unrecognizable. Even if the would-be Democratic nominees weren't too busy to become well informed, the complex problems of today themselves seem to defy solution, and sometimes definition. The country has no certified and widely accepted counsels of wisdom, and certainly no one man—in or out of the White House—can be wise on all subjects. Let us imagine a sincere and upright candidate swimming in this sea of uncertainty. What if he cares less about appearing on the *Today* show than about stating sound policy? Who will tell him how to control inflation, meanwhile keeping the growth rate up and the unemployment rate down? With what assurance can our candidate declaim that rigorous enforcement of laws on behalf of racial integration will significantly improve the economic prospects of blacks or their education or their acceptance as equals in cities or towns? Where will he learn the ways to conserve and make the best use of the world's dwindling natural resources? What formula can he offer (other than that of Mr. Nixon and Secretary Kissinger) for moderating world tensions or reducing the burden of arms? How is he to balance a seemingly irreconcilable demand for more of everything with an equally insistent demand for a cleaner, less cluttered atmosphere?

And what is to be the role of federal authority in all this? This national Democratic party has a tradition of benevolent big government. But how sure can our 1976 candidate be that an extension of the New Deal, the New Frontier, the Great Society, will produce more well-being for more people or a federal bureaucracy that's more responsive and benevolent? And if the would-be Democratic leader distrusts massive concentrations of power, as he should, what alternative economic and administrative arrangements might he propose which will be more serviceable? There are no models from abroad worth copying, and no American folklore that instructs us how to get from where we are to where we wish to be.

That's not the end of it. Any Democratic presidential nominee must gain acceptance by quite disparate partisans. His fortunes are tied to a miscellany of factions, united principally by the desire to win. To speak of the aims to be gained by victory, or means to those ends, is to risk defection in the ranks. Our would-be nominee must try to keep the miscellany together. But he must also reach beyond it, for traditional allegiances have weakened, and the Democratic party cannot now command the automatic allegiance of a majority of the voters; there are almost as many who declare themselves independents. Nor is there among the party faithful a clearly perceived communality of opinion. All who labor are not loyal to organized labor, and organized labor itself is divided. The hoped-for alliance between blacks and poor whites is ephemeral. There are farmers and farmers (most of them big), and the dream of a farmer-labor partnership has faded. The college educated have as many different perceptions of their interest and the interest of the country as the uneducated. Democrats can't prevail with just the cities, nor can they count on winning the cities heavily, and the suburbs are up for grabs. How does one make a pattern of this patchwork? The response of some politicians—not all—is to try and rise above it, to keep themselves aloft on a cushion of hot air, thus offending neither George Meany nor George Wallace.

Have we made a case for the ungovernability of democracy, or for the inevitability of second best? That is not our intention or conclusion. The great Americans are not all dead. By greatness, needless to add, we don't mean a talent for merchandising or charisma. The power to charm, excite and dominate is useful—disciplined by humility, humor, self-restraint, perspective. But however winsome, no candidate so preoccupied with public reaction to what he is doing that he loses sight of what's being done and why is fit for high office. We aren't looking for a latter-day Ramsay MacDonald, of whom it was said that he "had no principle beyond watching the jumping cat, and then often wrong." Nor is this the moment for a mind reader; George Gallup and Louis Harris do well enough in that department. No politician can improve on Madison Avenue and Hollywood as diviners of tastes.

So what are we looking for? Not a savior—just a candidate who cares for justice and order, who understands the deeper currents of modern life, who asks questions that are relevant to our survival and happiness, who has a shrewd sense of what might work and the will to try it, and who won't be knocked off balance by the unexpected. The latter is important; crises will erupt that cannot be foreseen; leadership will be called upon to meet sudden and unlooked-for difficulties; in the last analysis, judgment or the lack of it will be decisive.

When 1976 rolls around we may have to settle for second best. But not now. We wait and hope, holding firm to the vision of Richard Nixon, who six years ago thought he foresaw the day "when the President of the United States is respected and his office honored because it is worthy of respect and honor."

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Budgeting

Congress may be ready at last to write a major part for itself in the annual consideration of the federal budget, though many on Capitol Hill are not sure how well it can play the part. Budget management legislation zipped through both houses after more than a year of committee consideration (the House vote was 386-23, the Senate vote 80-0) and at this writing awaits only final Senate passage and presidential signature. The bill outlines new procedures designed to give Congress some input into national budget-making, a process dominated by White House experts for as long as there has been a federal budget. There will be new House and Senate budget committees, a new professional congressional budget office, and a detailed timetable to coordinate the disjointed and piecemeal congressional allocations of money.

Leading supporters of the new procedures, such as Sens. Charles Percy (R, Ill.) and Edmund Muskie (D, Me.) see them as a reassertion of congressional power —a sort of antidote to the executive excesses symbolized by Watergate. But Congress always does better talking about strengthening its clout than doing something to accomplish it. Sen. Percy notes that a similar reform in the late '40s failed for lack of follow-through on the Hill and emphasizes that only Congress can make the budget reform work.

The proposed new budget system, with its multifarious deadlines and target dates, has been criticized for being too cumbersome. A senatorial aide has remarked that most legislators are unwilling to do the detailed work of item by item planning and suggested that the new budget panel would be "a forum for people with large egos" to expound generally on national priorities. If Congress doesn't take the process more seriously than that, the appropriations committees will of course keep the power they have, and the budget committees will be little more than gadflies.

But in addition to the question of how and whether the new procedures will work, there is the equally crucial question of what the substantive results will be if they do. This bill was put in the "motherhood" category by many legislators who voted for it without much thought to its likely consequences. Many advocates of larger federal spending for social programs voted for the bill because it curbs executive power (it includes an anti-impoundment measure). On the other hand, fiscal conservatives saw the reform as a way of keeping a tighter rein on social spending. (One of the earlier versions of the bill mandated strict spending ceilings to be set by Congress early in the year; the final version softened these to "spending targets" which can be altered as late as September.) In any case, no one is sure whether the new procedures will add to or diminish the influence of powerful, conservative-dominated committees like Appropriations and Ways and Means.

Richard P. Conlon, staff director of the Democratic Study Group, an organization of moderate-to-liberal congressmen, pointed out last week that the new House Budget Committee, which would help draw up a proposed congressional budget each spring, might end up dominated by fiscal conservatives. Of the 23 members of the budget panel, five will come from the Appropriations Committee, five from Ways and Means. If these committees select their own representatives on the budget panel, Conlon notes, the panel is likely to swing toward greater fiscal restraint—incidentally embarrassing many members who unhesitatingly supported budget reform. Conlon's suggestion—and it is a sensible one—is that these 10 members be chosen not by the committees, but by party caucuses.

Food Prices

Last summer Archie Bunker ate horsemeat for dinner. Beef was selling for around $1.44 a pound retail, an alarming 30 cents higher than a year before. Housewives and consumer activists started a boycott, and Esther Peterson, former consumer adviser to Lyndon Johnson and now adviser to the Giant Food supermarket chain, told shoppers to buy fish, chicken, pork, anything but beef. Federal Reserve Board Chairman Arthur Burns suggested cheese. Secretary of Agriculture Earl Butz hotly defended the free market to grocery shoppers; he said if people didn't like the price of beef they shouldn't buy it. He advised President Nixon not to freeze meat prices. But Butz was overruled and meat prices were controlled for five months. The freeze had little effect, however, because cattlemen withheld their stock from market and waited for prices to rise again.

Now the crisis has returned, but it isn't the consumers who are complaining; it's the cattlemen. Beef prices are still relatively high on the retail market (about $1.36 a pound), less than last year's peak, but high enough to discourage shoppers. In the meantime wholesale prices have dropped below 1973 levels, leaving cattlemen broke and furious with the food chains, whom they accuse of profiteering. Cattle feedlot operators say the trend is causing widespread bankruptcy. This news sent cattle state congressmen into action, and last week cattlemen appeared at hearings and press conferences in Washington trying to get help. There was talk of cutting off imports from abroad, forcing the retail chains to reduce beef prices and—most likely of all—giving emergency loans to feedlot operators to carry them through. By the end of the week the Senate was well on its way to passing a three billion dollar loan guarantee bill despite objections from the administration that it would be a bad precedent.

The costly factor in cattle raising today is grain. It

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takes five to six pounds of grain to produce a pound of good beef, and in this country about 86 percent of the corn, barley, oats and grain sorghum grown is fed to livestock. Ninety percent of the nonexported soybean crop goes into feed. When the demand for grain rises, the price of cattle farming rises apace. Last year a worldwide shortage of grain sent wholesale prices skyrocketing, and although the prices have fallen since, they haven't fallen far and are expected to remain unstable. In addition to being a bad season for grain, 1973 was the year that Secretary Butz and President Nixon successfully turned American farmers into international businessmen. Farm exports earned $13 billion, the best addition to the balance of payments ledger in years. But entering the international market brought risks, the first of which was a sudden depletion of grain reserves, now lower than they've been since 1947. Because demand for grain is expected to remain high, no one knows when or whether the reserves will be replenished. In this role as an international food broker, the United States will feel the effects of foreign calamities and successes more directly than in the past. When the Russian crop fails and Russians buy American wheat, the price of bread in the United States will climb. Conversely when the harvest abroad is good, wheat prices will fall and American farmers will suffer.

The world's population grows roughly at the rate of two percent a year; food production grows at a rate of about three percent. Although this appears to leave a comfortable margin of supply for the future, the trend cannot continue indefinitely. Dr. Quentin West of the Agriculture Department's research service points out that there is a basic difference between production increases in the developed and undeveloped countries: "The truth is that most of the world's farmers are getting their production gains the hard way – by breaking new ground." The green revolution, accomplished with new hybrid strains of rice and wheat and the heavy application of chemical fertilizers, has had a significant effect only in developed countries. According to Dr. West, the underdeveloped nations are still waiting for the revolution. Fertilizer is in such short supply at the moment that not even farmers in the United States can get what they need. Without fertilizer the new "miracle" crops are even less productive than the old varieties. Crop production in poor countries will increase only as fresh land is plowed, and there's a limited amount of that.

COMING: John Osborne on the trip of the President and Secretary Kissinger to Brussels and Moscow

The key is energy, for as everyone must understand by now, the shortage of natural gas and other petroleum products has brought a fertilizer shortage. The prices for some common fertilizers have risen by 200 to 300 percent since 1971. The price of regular gasoline used to run farm machinery has gone up 59 percent in the United States in the last year. Propane gas and electricity prices, which affect the cost of drying grain, have risen comparably. Today the American diet is the most energy consumptive in the world. The average American ate 109 pounds of beef in 1973 (a decline from 116 pounds in 1972), representing about 550 pounds of grain. In this way he consumes about a ton of grain each year, while a person living in India eats about one-fifth of that. Our cattle eat better than people in many poor countries, an embarrassing fact that has encouraged Americans in the past to give away millions of tons of surplus grain to hungry Asians, Latin Americans and Africans. But under the new farm policy the grain giveaways will come to an end, for there will be no surplus.

Last week when cattlemen were asking for help from one congressional committee, another committee began a sweeping review of several anti-hunger campaigns in the United States run by the Agriculture Department. The House Select Committee on Nutrition and Human Needs opened with a report prepared by 26 food and income experts who believe that "even with the increasing cost of welfare and food programs . . . over the past several years the plight of the poor has deteriorated." The report, published by the Ford Research and Action Center, shows that inflation has hit the poor with double force. When suburban housewives switched from expensive foods like steak, butter and fresh vegetables to cheap ones like hot dogs, margarine and beans, the poor could switch to nothing. The poor always buy the cheapest food. Their only alternative is to eat less. Whereas the average family spends 15 to 20 percent of its income on food, poor families earning less than $4000 a year spend two to three times as large a segment. Although the government now spends more than four billion dollars a year to feed the poor through such as food stamp and school lunch programs, it has not managed to keep up with inflation. From December 1970 through March 1974 the price of food on the Agriculture Department's cheapest model, the "economy food plan," rose about 42 percent; the value of food stamps given to a family of four increased only 34 percent.

Only 36 percent of those eligible for food stamps are using them; states are spending only $130,000 to reach new "clients." The 185-page report traces the grim history of the administration's efforts to block, delay and impound the funds of programs giving supplemental food to new mothers, infants and schoolchil-

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dren. The experts conclude that the government ought to get out of the business of feeding the poor and into the business of equalizing incomes. But seeing no chance for this to happen soon, they present a detailed list of improvements to be made in the food support programs.

Now the Jamaicans

The appointment of Arthur Goldberg as chief negotiator for the American aluminum companies in their running dispute with Jamaica—prime source of their bauxite—may defuse an explosive issue. Justice Goldberg is an experienced labor negotiator and a long-time acquaintance of Jamaican Prime Minister Michael Manley, who previously headed the National Workers Union, which includes Jamaica's 9500 bauxite workers. The former Supreme Court justice and US ambassador to the United Nations will be a prestigious advocate whose recommendations may be expected to carry weight with the powerful aluminum interests who have hired him.

The simmering quarrel with Jamaica, which has just announced its intention to up its annual "take" from US and Canadian mining interests eight times—from approximately $25 million to around $200 million—comes at a time when the Nixon administration is still highly sensitive to anything faintly resembling another "economic war." The Arab use of oil as a weapon during and after last autumn's Yom Kippur war, and especially its sudden shock effect on a complacent American society, left ripples that still can be perceived. Recent—somewhat confused—efforts by seven Latin American banana-producing countries to levy unilateral export taxes on fruit mainly for the US market; moves by the world's six chief mercury producers to organize to hoard output and boost prices; formation in Conakry, Guinea in March of the International Bauxite Association, headquartered in Kingston, Jamaica—all these are worrying trends.

It is not the true "cartel" that concerns administration economists so much as sporadic actions by less developed producer countries determined, in some cases for domestic political popularity, to offset rising prices of vital imports by "soaking" buyers of their products. The true "cartel" is highly disciplined: it maintains tight control over output; it keeps reserve stocks on hand; it discourages competition from rival producers; it discourages its customers from switching to substitutes; it keeps prices high. The diamond producers—and to a lesser extent the gold and platinum producers—are true cartels. But the cartel implies orderly production and distribution. The Arab-inspired oil "embargo" was temporarily disruptive of economies in the US, West Europe and Japan but essentially it was disorderly. Some OPEC members cut back production (Saudi Arabia, Libya); others expanded to reap windfall profits (Iran, Iraq, Nigeria, Indonesia among others); some "embargoed" oil shipments to the US; others winked at lucrative violations.

The Arab example has served to stimulate some of the less sophisticated raw material producers to link price rises for their exports to price rises for their vital imports. The fledgling banana "cartel," for instance, already seems to be marching off in different directions. Costa Rica, the bellwether, plus Honduras and Panama have imposed a one-dollar tax per 40-pound crate of bananas for the US market. But Ecuador, now waxing rich on new oil strikes, is hesitant, as are Colombia, Nicaragua and Guatemala. Few seem to have been galvanized by the defiant threat of Panama's strong man, Omar Torrijos, who boasts that if the Americans refuse to buy bananas at the higher price he will "throw the bananas into the Panama Canal."

In the early 1950s—10 years before Jamaica won its independence from Great Britain—the American aluminum companies, headed by Reynolds, began buying bauxite reserves in Jamaica. By the 1960s Kaiser, Alcoa, Revere and Anaconda—plus Canada's Alcan—had moved in, too. Inexperienced and compliant, Jamaican governments arranged easy taxes solely on "profits" which, because the companies owned the ore and were merely transferring it or its second-stage, alumina power, to parent companies in the US or Canada, were remarkably light. In recent years Jamaica has been netting about $25 million yearly for 15 million tons worth of bauxite or alumina worth on the US market $175 million to $350 million. One ton of bauxite costs about $15 (it is rising to $22 shortly) but finished aluminum ingot, for example, is now selling at more than $600 per ton.

Two years ago the cost of living in Jamaica rose five percent, last year, 20 percent. Oil imports—used largely for processing bauxite into alumina—soared from $50 million to $150 million. Wheat imported for the vital US-Canadian tourist trade rose from $2.25 a bushel 18 months ago to six dollars and now is settling at around three dollars to $3.50. Other imports rose accordingly.

To offset price rises in imports—over which it had no control—Prime Minister Manley's government decided to raise the yield from the foreign aluminum companies whose activities it could control. Last year Manley suggested talks. His words fell on deaf ears. In mid-March this year, when talks finally began in Kingston, aluminum negotiators were slow at first to get Manley's message. By mid-May when the talks deadlocked, however, the aluminum giants had agreed to raise overall payments from $25 million to $80 million—but the Jamaicans refused to drop below the additional $200 million that they estimate they will

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have to pay the oil and other industrial producers this year and every year as far as anyone can see.

Manley has got approval of Parliament (where he has the votes) for legislation to: boost aluminum royalties and taxes to around $200 million; link these payments not to "profits" (which turned out—on paper at least—to be virtually invisible) but to the finished aluminum ingot prices in the US; fix minimum yearly production at 14 million tons. In addition he intends to win a "stake" or equity participation for Jamaica in each company, whether by stock transfers or the issuance of new stock. "Jamaica is the only bauxite producer in the world," said one Jamaican official "that doesn't own a penny of its own chief industry. Bauxite provides 40 percent of our foreign earnings—twice what we earn from tourism."

Like so many sun-splashed, palm-fringed tourist meccas in the Caribbean, Jamaica is a tinderbox. Nearly half its two million inhabitants are 14 or younger. Population is growing at three to four percent yearly and every year sees tens of thousands of young men and women jamming into a labor market with virtually no chance of jobs. Crime—especially teenaged crime—is rising and the Manley government has responded with tough new gun laws and "gun courts."

From the US viewpoint an open break with Jamaica over "money" issues would be serious. The ripple effect would be grave throughout an already sullen Caribbean where Jamaica's example is closely watched. Talks are due to resume in Kingston soon and the hope is that Manley, a respected, moderate figure (and the son of Sir Norman Manley, a pioneer of Jamaican independence) will exert his considerable influence for a friendly settlement.

Benjamin Welles

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The Nixon Watch

Middle East Journey

Here is an account of some of the things, many of them too trivial for mention in the run of news reports, that interested and impressed me during a week of travel with the Nixon press party from Washington to Jerusalem by way of Salzburg in Austria and four cities in three Middle Eastern countries. After the stops at Cairo and Alexandria in Egypt, Jeddah in Saudi Arabia and Damascus in Syria, I figured that I didn't have to watch that tried and generously rewarded friend of Richard Nixon and the United States, King Hussein of Jordan, greet the President at Amman in order to be convinced that Mr. Nixon and his Secretary of State, Henry Kissinger, had brought about at least the beginnings of an immense and probably beneficial change in the relationships between the US and the previously hostile Arab world without abandoning or importantly qualifying the American commitment to Israel. So I skipped Amman and flew from Tel Aviv to Washington to write this piece and prepare for the dubious pleasures of witnessing Mr. Nixon's next demonstrations, at a hastily arranged NATO summit meeting and in the Soviet Union, that there is nothing like foreign travel on foreign business to insulate a troubled President, however briefly and incompletely, from scandal at home.

From Cairo on I kept reaching for the word that would best describe the President's usual look and demeanor during his public appearances. The word wasn't "tired" or "preoccupied" or "bored," though the President seemed to be all of these at various times and on a few occasions to be all of them at once. Certainly the sought term was not "excited" or "stimulated." Never in my sight was Mr. Nixon moved to the spasms of jerky behavior and speech that huge crowds and thunderous acclaim have produced in the past. It was while watching him on Israeli television in a moment of pensive repose during the dinner given him by the President and the new Prime Minister of Israel that the appropriate word jumped to mind. The word was "sad." Throughout the observed portion of a journey that was intended to symbolize and dramatize a major though as yet tentative achievement in foreign policy, a journey that afforded millions of people a chance to thank him with their presence and cheers for his presence and efforts, the look and air of sadness never left Mr. Nixon for long.

A likely cause of the sadness—a reporter can only guess, remember, at this isolated President's inner thoughts and motivations—was indicated by an incident in Jerusalem. Mr. Nixon remarked at the state dinner that "it is the prerogative of Presidents sometimes to break precedents" and said he was going to break one by proposing a toast to former Prime Minister Golda Meir before he offered the required toast to Israel's President, Ephraim Katzir. After Mr. Nixon praised her courage, intelligence, stamina, determination and dedication to Israel, Mrs. Meir responded as follows in a flat and cold monotone: "As President Nixon says, Presidents can do almost anything and President Nixon has done many things that nobody would of thought of doing." The President flinched as if he had been slapped. In the pressroom where a pack of reporters watched and listened, shouts and laughter reflected the assumption that Mrs. Meir was referring to the President's known and alleged Watergate behavior. The shouts and laughter also drowned out the words that followed Mrs. Meir's supposed insult. My tape recorder didn't hear them through the clamor and I didn't know until I saw a

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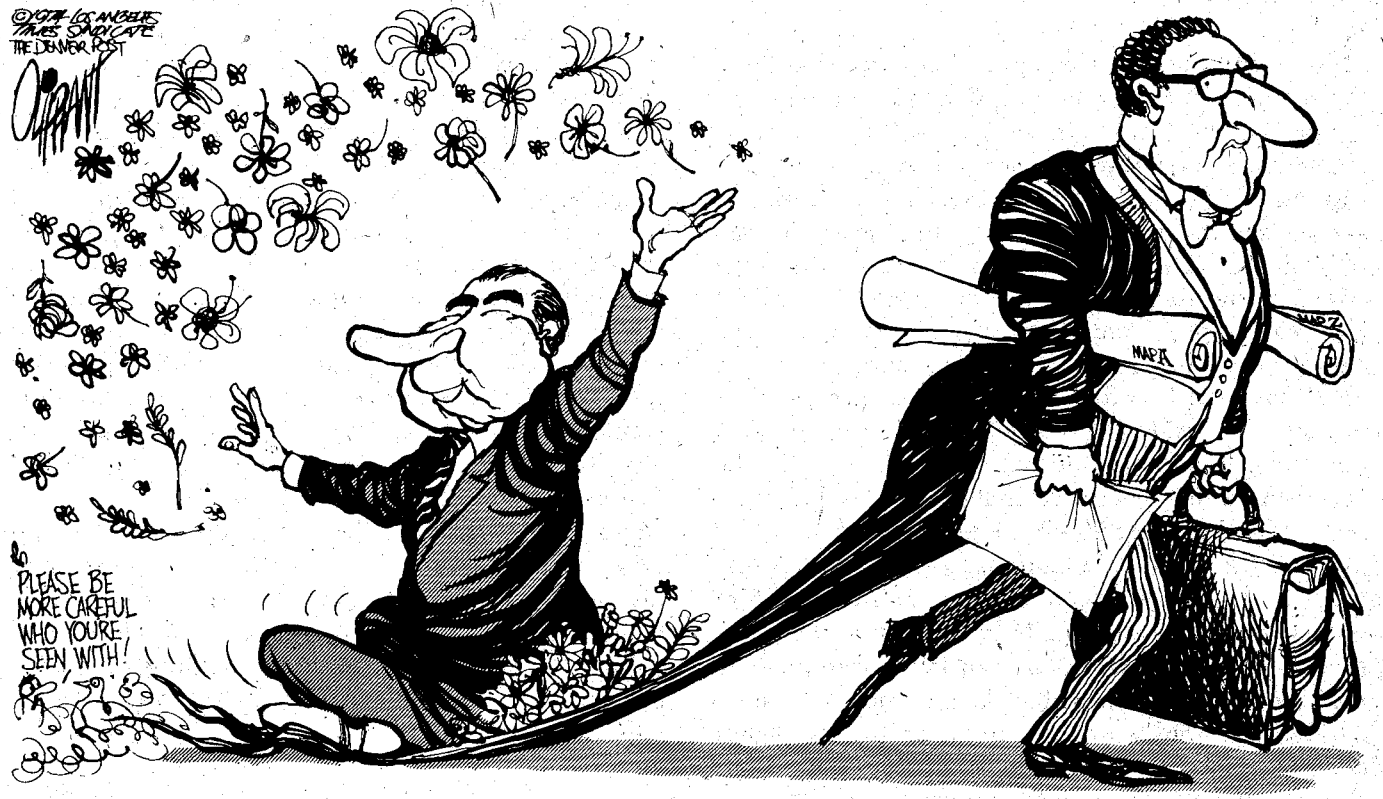
transcript that Mrs. Meir concluded her response in this way: "All I can say, Mr. President, as friends and as an Israeli citizen to a great American President, thank you."

In Cairo, standing with Mrs. Nixon at his side and shaking hands with 45 guests per minute at an outdoor reception and dinner, the President had the look and manner of a grieving robot. At what was billed as a display of Egyptian folklore after the dinner, a renowned belly dancer ended her act within inches of the seated President. Reporters who were there (I'd departed) said that Mr. Nixon came alive and appeared to be definitely interested. Along Mr. Nixon's way through the streets of Cairo and Alexandria and the route of a train trip from Cairo to Alexandria through the Nile delta, there were tumultuous displays of happiness. The displayed happiness was that of the millions of Egyptians who were commanded by their President, Anwar Sadat, to turn out for their visitor. Mr. Nixon said that he was happy, too, but very little happiness was to be seen in the grinning visage that he turned upon the enormous crowds. At the Great Pyramids on the day of his departure for Jeddah, there was a moment when Mrs. Nixon and President and Mrs. Sadat stepped away from Mr. Nixon and he was alone upon a terrace, his back to the pyramids and his face toward a group of reporters. We saw him but he didn't see us. His gaze and his thoughts were far away and sadness was all about him. In Jeddah walking along a marble pathway to meet King Faisal at one of the royal palaces, Mr. Nixon paused in the hot sun for an instant. Two Saudi dignitaries were with him, but for that instant it was as if he were alone again. His face went slack, his eyes went blank, and he seemed to me, standing perhaps 10 feet from him, to be engulfed once more in sadness. Then the President seemed to drag himself back to where we were from where he had been. King Faisal, magnificent in a black robe over a white robe and with the face of a sated hawk peering out between the folds of a white headdress, was walking toward the President. It was said and indicated later that the King and the President spent a couple of useful hours together in the Royal Office, discussing among other matters American arms for Saudi Arabia and oil at outrageous but not totally unmanageable prices for the US.

It was plain to guests at the state banquet for the President that Faisal thoroughly enjoyed his reaming of Mr. Nixon with the strongest reference that the President heard on his journey to the hideous problem of what to do with and for the hundreds of thousands of displaced Palestinian refugees who were driven from or left Israel in and after 1948. Faisal was seen to smile with a sort of wolfish glee when he intoned in Arabic: "We believe there will never be a real and lasting peace in the area unless Jerusalem is liberated and returned to Arab sovereignty; unless liberation of all the occupied Arab territories is achieved and unless Arab peoples of Palestine regain their rights to return to their homes and be given the right of self-determination." All of the President's other Arab hosts—Sadat in Egypt, President Hafez Al-Assad in Syria, King Hussein in Jordan—expressed approximately the same demands for the return of territories occupied by Israel in 1967 and for some form of Palestinian state. Only Faisal explicitly demanded



Easy rider

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the return of Jerusalem to Arab control and, in effect, the return of exiled Palestinians to Israel itself.

All of the Arab chieftains were expected by the President and his counsellors to take public positions on these matters for bargaining purposes, but there was one unpleasant surprise. Mr. Nixon and Henry Kissinger did not expect Kissinger's friend and collaborator in pacification, Anwar Sadat, to be as explicit and vehement in public as he was when he said at his welcoming dinner that "there is no other solution and no other road for a durable peace without a political solution to the Palestinian problem . . . its solution is indispensable." Sadat further jarred the President and Kissinger when he said of the vast Sinai desert expanse taken from Egypt in 1967 that "it is inevitable" that Egypt "regain its territory either by peaceful means or by might." Mr. Nixon indicated the course that he and Kissinger had expected Sadat to take when, in an informal press session during the train ride to Alexandria, the President said that Sadat is "a mature leader" who realizes that "what is needed is the step-by-step approach . . . in a quiet, confidential way." Sadat, the President said with gentle irony and hidden rebuke, knows better than to "put it all out on the table . . . in a huge public forum . . . and then have it blow up." Sadat said nothing more about the Palestinian problem at the Nixons' dinner for him and Mrs. Sadat in Alexandria that night. But he was back at the subject the next day in Cairo, saying at the climactic formal event of the visit that "the crux of the whole problem in the Middle East are [*sic*] the legitimate rights of the Palestinian people and unless this is implemented we feel that the prospects of peace . . . will be dwindling."

The event was the signing of a document entitled "Principles of Relations and Cooperation Between Egypt and the United States." More than any other document signed and statements made on the Nixon trip, the joint Egyptian-US communiqué reflected and symbolized the historic turnabout in official US-Arab relationships that has occurred since Henry Kissinger addressed himself to the problems of the Middle East last year. This he did at the instance and with the authority of the President, and he and Mr. Nixon aren't faking when they say that Kissinger's success is also the President's. Yet you'd have thought from Mr. Nixon's demeanor at the Cairo ceremony that he was signing over every Watergate tape and document in the White House to the House committee inquiring into whether he should be impeached. He was pallid, languid, visibly indifferent to the people around him and what was going on. During Sadat's speech in Arabic and its horribly poor translation into English, the President had that vacant look of mental absence that I'd previously noticed and was to note again and again.

Two serious bobbles in the preparation and release of the document could have contributed to the President's evident unhappiness but probably didn't. Among the several promises of US material and technological aid to Egypt was a commitment "to sell nuclear reactors and fuel to Egypt" in order to enable the country to produce "substantial additional quantities of electric power" by the early 1980s. There were two references to supplying the fuel and reactors "under safeguard conditions" and "under agreed safeguards." Any cautious and adequately responsible reporter would not have read into the sparse paragraph devoted to the nuclear arrangement an invitation to Egypt to join the nuclear arms club. A wire service reporter or editor did just this and there was hell to pay. Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler then did what he should have arranged to do before the document was released, explaining that the agreement was similar to many others and that—most importantly—an equivalent agreement to supply Israel with nuclear fuel and reactors was about to be announced in Jerusalem. In the light of India's recent explosion of a nuclear device, the wisdom of supplying nuclear facilities to countries that don't already have them remained open to question. The lackwit way in which this and one other item in the Cairo communiqué were handled was beyond question.

Given the importance that President Sadat attaches to the Palestinian issue, it was inconceivable that a document to be signed by him and Mr. Nixon should have appeared in advance with no reference whatever to the Palestinian people and their plight. The advance American version did precisely that. It said only that "a just and durable peace can be achieved only through a process of continuing negotiation . . . within the framework of the Geneva Middle East Peace Conference" (a body that will be convened when and if the elements of an inclusive peace have been worked out). It developed before the signing that a crucial reference to "the legitimate interest of all the peoples in the Mid East, including the Palestinian people" had been omitted. Press Secretary Ziegler, acutely embarrassed, first said that "a communications error" in transmitting the final draft from Alexandria to Cairo caused the omission. He'd have done well to stick to that story, since the omitted language fitted perfectly into the place where it appeared in the corrected version. He said instead that the reference was accidentally dropped during the matching of the final US and Egyptian drafts in Alexandria, early on the day of the signing, and that Kissinger and Egyptian Foreign Minister Ismail Fahmy caught the error when they reviewed the released version. This was believable to me but not to many of my colleagues. In the atmosphere that followed Mr. Nixon to the Middle East, the easy way was to believe that his spokesmen were lying again.

John Osborne

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KENNEDY: Ifs, Ands, and Buts

by Walter Pincus

At 10:45 the morning of June 4, Sen. Edward M. Kennedy's appearance at the back of the Fontainebleau Hotel ballroom set off a wave of excitement among the 1600 delegates to the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union annual convention. He had arrived in Miami Beach three hours earlier, having flown all night across the country from a day in Seattle at the national governors' conference. He looked fresh. He had had a quick ocean swim, a breakfast meeting with friends among the ILGWU leadership, a closed-door meeting with liberal critics of his health bill compromise. Now the cheers and flashbulbs followed him down the center aisle and up to the TV-lighted stage. It was a scene worth remembering, for it will be repeated dozens of times this fall as Kennedy—if his current plans hold up—campaigns extensively throughout the country for Democratic House and Senate candidates. With George Wallace confined to a wheelchair, Kennedy has no peer today as a magnetic campaign orator.

The introduction trembled with the emotion of the now glamorous past. The invocation of the names of his brothers was as telling as the enormous "Impeach Nixon" banner hanging from a side wall. A shudder ran through the crowd as the assassinations were recalled and the cry heard that such things can "never happen again." Then, with appropriate reference to Edward Kennedy's 12-year record of Senate accomplishments, he was brought on as the heir. Elderly women wiped tears from their eyes, union local placards waved. By the time the senator had droned out his appreciation for the introduction and acknowledged the other union officers, the glaze that had come over his face when his brothers were mentioned had gone. Without pause he launched into the handful of brief jokes that mark the start of all his speeches. One was on a favorite theme: his presidential aspirations. "I have always dreamed of addressing a major national convention here in Miami," he began mock seriously, "and even though this is the wrong year and the wrong convention, I am delighted to be here."

Prepared Kennedy speeches have a primary thrust. For the ILGWU it was the economy and the points were hammered home with shouted punch lines bringing on roars of approval. Thoughts suggested over breakfast found their way into asides, and the standard themes—health care, campaign fund and income tax reform, détente with the Soviets—led up to a closing call for a restoration of faith in government and a "vision" for the future. For almost 10 minutes cheers and stamping rose with each Kennedy wave of acknowledgment. Aged David Dubinsky, originally seated in the audience, moved up on stage and, unnoticed, sat behind the speaker, listening to the tumult, a faint smile on his lips as he waited to shake Kennedy's hand.

Thirty minutes later Kennedy was at it again, this time before the Retail, Wholesale and Department Stores Union. The speech was shorter, crisper, some lines that didn't work earlier were dropped, new material added. The audience was smaller, somewhat less warm but still moved by the delivery. Again he was mobbed by young and old as he headed for his car and the plane back to Washington.

Almost unbroken enthusiasm has greeted most of Kennedy's discreetly selected public appearances over the past few months. Such receptions, his closest aides and supporters have convinced themselves, put the lie to talk that in the wake of Watergate, the Chappaquiddick episode looms large in the public mind. They seem to see Chappaquiddick as a public relations obstacle—it keeps being raised by newsmen during the handful of carefully spaced national television interviews—but not as barring the way to the presidency. The senator, apparently, sees it the same way.

Kennedy has said he will decide by the fall of 1975 whether he will run. In preparation he is trying to put himself so far out in front of the pack that if his answer is yes, the nomination will be his without a fight. Already the polls mark him as the unchallenged favorite among registered Democrats. His campaigning for Democrats this fall can only add to that margin. Requests for him to appear top those received by all other Democrats. Henry Jackson and Walter Mondale have already conceded the inevitability of Kennedy's nomination if he decides he wants it. Kennedy enjoys teasing the press and the public about his intentions. In the midst of the ILGWU speech he thanked the union for standing by the Kennedys in the past and added, "I hope you will be behind me in the future as we face new challenges." The delegates shouted their assent, after which Kennedy laughingly added, "It wasn't supposed to come out quite that way." It comes out that way too often not to be planned.

But since a successful courtship never guarantees a happy marriage, running for the presidency and win-

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ning is not the only or even surest indicator of performance once in office. There has been a naive belief that limited men, once they get to the top, rise to the demands made on them. Richard Nixon, thanks to Watergate, has exploded that nonsense. Ted Kennedy wants the job, that's certain. Last May in an interview over public television, he was asked by reporter Paul Duke: "Would you, deep down, like to be President?" "Yes," was the response. It caught Duke by surprise, but he recovered and asked "why?" Kennedy started off by saying, "Well, I think the capacity and the ability to bring about the kind of changes that I think are important for the country I think can be most effectively done there. I mean I've seen it in terms of President Kennedy. And I saw its possibilities in the relationship to Robert Kennedy." Then before he frankly began to discuss how he saw the office, Kennedy withdrew to his I-have-not-yet-decided-to-run position and began rambling—as he does when he knows he's avoiding a question—about his work in the Senate.

Four of our last five Presidents came from the Senate. It provides the publicity platform deemed needed, though it is a less than adequate training school for those who move on up. Most senators make a habit of avoiding tough decisions. They can propose solutions without having to implement them. They frequently deal in the shadows: trading votes, doing the grubby political work necessary to pass legislation. Most of what they do is not covered by the press. The harsh spotlight is hardly ever on senators except during election years. Perhaps most debilitating of all, legislators see firsthand the weaknesses in the congressional system itself. It is not by chance that Presidents John Kennedy, Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon, each a product of the Congress, took as much power from their former colleagues as they could get and generally held Congress in contempt. Kennedy likes the Senate, however, and has done well playing by its rules. His ability to command a national press and the prospect that someday he will be President has helped him immensely.

As with his brothers before him, Kennedy believes in a strong staff and has attracted a flow of intelligent, aggressive aides. He knows how to use them, and they quickly adapt to his ways. The chief form of communication is the memo—usually short, a page or two, carrying with it some background and a suggested course of action. There is no internal filtering process and the system is open to outsiders, many of whom regularly pass things on to Kennedy because he is a Kennedy. On a recent Saturday flight back from a Massachusetts speech, the senator plowed through a four-inch folder of memos that had piled up during previous days. They ranged from proposals on how to deal with an amendment on the Senate floor (including an analysis of who would carry the ball if he didn't and how that would be seen in the media), to a general paper that got him thinking about what could be done about the failures of the volunteer army. Memos draw written responses if needed. More likely they spark questions from Kennedy to the author.

The man is more a talker than a reader. His staff is trained to come up with new ideas and new writings that might interest him, or in which they think he should be interested. They master the material; they also organize breakfasts, lunches or dinners around people or subjects. Senate hearings perform the same function. If the topic interests Kennedy, or the witness is particularly impressive, the facts stick in his mind long after the session is over.

While he is an excellent questioner, Kennedy has no fixed sense of where he as a person or this country under his or someone else's leadership ought to be going. Priorities are what you get from experts, then sort out for yourself. A disastrous Cambridge meeting earlier this year showed the limits of that approach. John Kenneth Galbraith brought together a group at Kennedy's behest to talk about priorities for the 1970s. It bogged down as guests argued among themselves over the future of the economy. When the tables were turned and questions asked of Kennedy, the meeting fell apart. A number of academics left with a critical view of Kennedy's intellectual competence. Fearful that Nelson Rockefeller's commission has sewn up the new idea market, Kennedy supporters are trying to put together some comparable source for their man.

Jerry-built as the idea machine may be, those ideas that are pumped into and around Kennedy's office more often than not do lead to some action. In the past few years Kennedy has engaged himself in more issues than any of his colleagues—Supreme Court nominations, campaign fund reform, invasion of privacy, voter registration, the draft, the anti-ABM fight, Vietnam and Southeast Asian refugees, health legislation and now tax reform.

Comprehensive health insurance gives some illustration of how Kennedy operates. It began back in 1969-70 with some political decisions that frankly were inspired as much by the presidential race of 1972 as by the nation's health needs. A long-term issue was wanted that he could press and to which he could attach his name. He wanted something broad and classless that would help all the people, not the least those Nixon had identified in 1968 as the silent majority. Aid the working stiffs and then you can do more for the blacks and the poor, went Kennedy's argument—quite different from the one adopted by his brother Robert. Mary Lasker and Walter Reuther, who already had a health committee organized, got Ted Kennedy into this field. By 1971 he'd pulled his own staff together, interviewed doctors outside the Reuther committee and introduced a bill. In the intervening years some battles have been won, others lost. Health insurance has been more difficult to sell to the public than

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expected—the terms, for one thing, are too complicated. Furthermore inflation and a $40 billion price tag have set it back. By 1973 Kennedy was convinced he had to back down from his original proposal if he wanted to get something passed in the reasonably near future.

About that time Wilbur Mills was looking for a way to change his image. He was being threatened by the Richard Bolling House reorganization that wanted to get health insurance away from Mills' Ways and Means Committee. Mills and Kennedy, with outside assistance, put together a compromise health insurance bill that Kennedy is trying to sell to his original backers and that many union leaders are not buying. The new Kennedy-Mills bill is too much for the Nixon administration and more bargaining is going to be required if any measure is to pass, but Kennedy seems agreeable to that. He believes that compromise legislation would "set an irreversible course" toward the comprehensive plan he still supports.

What does this brief history tell us? He is willing to compromise. He sees a limit to legislative solutions but looks to laws as a means of lessening the weight of problems on people's lives. He believes you must do something for the many before you can do more for the underprivileged minorities. He has a healthy respect for congressional committee chairmen, perhaps more than they deserve. He tries to avoid making enemies.

Kennedy's recent trip to the Soviet Union was a planned, signal departure from his previous activity on the periphery of foreign policy. That decision, too, was politically motivated: a presidential candidate has to break into the big time on the world stage. For years Kennedy participated in the Vietnam debate, thanks in part to some imaginative use of the refugees subcommittee—which he chairs—of the Senate Judiciary Committee. Sharp staff questioning, field trips to Southeast Asia and cleverly drafted amendments have marked this effort. Last fall, however, Kennedy wanted to move on up. He hired a full-time personal staff man to handle foreign policy matters. By January it was decided that Kennedy would accept a long-standing invitation to visit Moscow under the auspices of the Supreme Soviet parliamentary group. It was not to be just another senatorial trip. Kennedy made it a precondition of the trip that he would see Soviet Party Chairman Leonid Brezhnev and one other among the top leadership. Also it was to be considered a working trip: there was to be one public speech, preferably at Moscow State University, a visit to Leningrad and one other city, and he intended to talk with Soviet Jews in Moscow.

It was also decided that Kennedy should not go only to the Soviet Union, for fear he would give the impression he looked at the world through a bilateral lens. Arrangements were made to visit West German Chancellor Willy Brandt and to make stops in Rumania and Yugoslavia on the way to Moscow. It took over a month to negotiate the schedule, and even then the Soviet draft was delivered only two days before his departure. Changes were suggested and the final version was not settled until he arrived in Moscow. In the final weeks before he left Kennedy talked with State Department officials and those involved in the arms control talks. He had already introduced a Senate resolution calling for a comprehensive underground nuclear test ban treaty and expected to discuss it in Moscow. He did not while there get out into areas covered by the SALT talks, so as to avoid appearing as a negotiator for the government.

While the briefings went on, the Kennedy staff was not unaware of the publicity benefits and political pitfalls of the trip. Before departure a date was set for Kennedy to appear upon his return before the Council on Foreign Relations in New York (to which he brought his three sisters). The ouster of Alexander Solzhenitsyn from Russia hung as a threat over the expedition to Russia; one worry was that Henry Jackson would be with the exiled Russian author while Kennedy consorted with his former tormentors.

On the whole the trip is thought to have gone well. The Soviets treated Kennedy with extraordinary deference—using the occasion to take their measure of a possible President. Kennedy surprised many of the professional diplomats by listening to and taking advice, staying within the suggested bounds of discussion. As for the incident at Moscow University, the best that can be said is that both sides, Kennedy and the Soviets, knew it was coming. He was prepared before he left to be outspoken at that appearance and the Soviets, by filling the hall with selected students, were ready to counter him.

Kennedy got more from the visit than the obvious opportunity to talk to Americans about his meetings with Soviet leaders—which he regularly uses. He gained some insight into the Russian fear of war and a belief they sincerely want détente. His strong reaffirmation of a comprehensive test ban reflects impressions made on him in Moscow.

Most men in national politics have little, if any, private life. Their wives are domestic versions of the ever-present staff assistants; their children are usually display objects, like the pictures and diplomas in daddy's office. The Kennedys have followed this pattern—but with exceptions. Joseph Kennedy, the father, never escaped the whispered, then published notoriety surrounding his relationship with movie actress Gloria Swanson. Built upon myth and fact, the philandering of each of the Kennedy brothers has been the envy of more domesticated politicians and the joy of Washington gossips. The stories failed to damage the candidacies of either John or Robert Kennedy. They could damage Ted, though we live in a more permissive time. Joan Kennedy, unlike Jacqueline and Ethel Kennedy,

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has not been strong enough to establish her own identity or withstand the pressures of her life. She, too, has been through two assassinations, her husband's airplane accident, Chappaquiddick and now the tragic illness of their elder son. Her recent stay at an institution for persons with alcohol problems was just another reminder of Kennedy's domestic situation.

One might think that past tragedies and future uncertainties that so affect his wife must weigh more heavily on Kennedy himself. Surprisingly they have no visible effect on his public performance. There are times when inner anxieties come to the surface. When a plane speeds down the runway to take off, Kennedy abruptly halts the conversation to watch the ground fade safely away. As a front-seat passenger in a car rushing through evening freeway traffic during a rainstorm, he turns all the way around to talk to the back seat passengers, thus avoiding what's going on ahead. But the day his wife's presence at the sanitarium was disclosed, Kennedy flew to Boston, in a car ride to Bridgewater State Teachers' College talked about life, death and accidents, made an excellent, sometimes moving graduation speech, and carried on an interview on health care all the way back to the airport. Never once did the strain show. He has become cold, even callous about his personal past interfering with the present.

There are unplanned moments when a politician's private life and public responsibilities merge. Five years ago after the Chappaquiddick accident when Kennedy and his friends had unsuccessfully tried everything but calling in the authorities to find Mary Jo Kopechne, they stopped thinking about her and began to work on his problem of political survival. The carefully crafted stories of what had happened, the television appearance and the statement all bore the mark, not of candor nor even "a jumble of emotions" that accompanied the event itself, but rather of calculated public relations. The original handling of Chappaquiddick showed a basic disregard for exposing the whole truth. Thanks to an indifferent or forgiving public, the strategy has been, temporarily at least, successful, and today Kennedy and his aides believe they can overcome Chappaquiddick by discussing other more important topics. In this they compound their original error of judgment. They fail to appreciate the deep and destructive erosion of public confidence in government and politicians caused by the Chappaquiddicks and Watergates. They are wrong to think the erosion can be reversed by a Kennedy presidential victory achieved by "stonewalling" the Chappaquiddick incident.

There are many concerned Democrats outside the Kennedy circle who believe the party could fail in 1976 without his candidacy. They and others sought out by Kennedy in recent months have told him what, in part, he wants to hear: the raising of Chappaquiddick will be an effort by his enemies and the press to "get him." Now, the news media *will* almost certainly resurrect the entire event: the car's route will be traced, the "boiler-room girls" tracked down and reinterviewed, Edgartown Police Chief Arena and District Attorney Dinis will be back in the news, the Kopechne parents will be questioned over and over again. The aggressiveness of the press will be stimulated in part by its desire to appear impartial, to show the same, sometimes irresponsible, doggedness that went into attacks on President Nixon and former Vice President Agnew. Like Nixon and Agnew (and now Kissinger), Kennedy may convince himself he is being unfairly criticized, and in part that will be true. But the media will also be responding to what it perceives as a post-Watergate standard for public morality. Kennedy's failure to understand *that*—or perhaps his refusal to—raises a basic question in my mind as to his qualification for the presidency.

In his 1960 speech on the presidency John Kennedy said the White House was "the center of moral leadership," recalling Franklin D. Roosevelt's first inaugural address: "In every dark hour of our national life, a leadership of frankness and vigor has met with that understanding and support of the people themselves which is essential to victory." We are at that same point now, and the desire for integrity and candor is perhaps greater because its absence has been the basic failure of the Nixon administration.

The choice for Ted Kennedy in the fall of next year is not between running for the presidency or quitting political life. His brother at 43 was our youngest elected President (Theodore Roosevelt became President at 42 upon the death of McKinley). Ted Kennedy would be only 44 in 1976, and the opportunity to run at some future date would still be his. His support of another candidate—which must be part of a not-to-run statement thereby foreclosing a draft—would all but assure that person's nomination. The national leadership Kennedy wants would not be lost should he decide to stay in the Senate. He could try for the majority leader's post that Mike Mansfield is expected to vacate. From that position Kennedy could help reconstruct the prestige of the Congress—a task he knows needs to be undertaken. It has not been undertaken partly because senators who have failed in their campaigns for the presidency have never sought to reestablish themselves as national figures. They have slipped into relative obscurity; the national media stopped covering them. But that is something that Kennedy's presence could remedy.

Ted Kennedy is a politician with extraordinary gifts standing at a key crossroads in our history. He has had a personal life that would have crushed all but a few of us. He has, in his public life, gotten almost everything he sought—much of it deserved, some not. But a great deal more than *his* personal future rests on next year's decision.

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An Odd Bit of Hidden History: De Gaulle's CIA Aide

Charles de Gaulle is reputed to have been an ultranationalist who was almost paranoically suspicious of any foreign intrusion into France's internal affairs. Yet for several years prior to his return to power in 1958 he knowingly maintained regular contact with a covert US Central Intelligence Agency operative, partly because he wanted to preserve a link with America and partly because he was personally attached to the American assigned to keep tabs on him. But although the CIA was able with his own cooperation to watch de Gaulle closely, it failed to perceive that he would regain authority and at one stage it even tried to block him by financing his opponents, a fact that certainly did not elude him and may have contributed to his later wariness of Washington.

I encountered this historical footnote the other day in the person of John F. Hasey, the former CIA agent attached to de Gaulle. A slight, easygoing man in his mid-50s, Hasey compensates for the prosaic pace of his present retirement by recalling past experiences, and he told me of his years with de Gaulle as we chatted in the living room of his home outside Washington. He had gone to France as a student in the 1930s, but instead of studying he landed a job in Paris with Cartier's, the jeweler. After France fell to the Germans, he met de Gaulle in England at a friend's dinner table and was so impressed by the Free French cause that he enlisted in the foreign legion. Some months later, fighting against the Vichy forces in Syria, a burst of machine gun fire shattered his face. His exploits earned him membership in the *Ordre de la Liberation*, an exclusive fraternity created by de Gaulle to honor his supporters. Only three other Americans were similarly honored, among them Dwight Eisenhower.

Hasey went to work for Cartier's in New York after World War II but hankered for something more exciting, and when Eisenhower was appointed commander of the Allied armies in Europe in late 1950, Hasey asked to join him. Ike forwarded the request to the CIA, and not long afterward Hasey was in Paris performing various agency duties. He organized a clandestine surveillance team composed of former foreign legionnaires. He persuaded a young Laotian captain by the name of Phoumi Nosavan, then at the *Ecole de Guerre*, to become a paid CIA protegé. His chief task, however, was to stick close to de Gaulle, who was then in the political wilderness. As Hasey tells it, he went to see de Gaulle at the general's shabby office in the Rue de Solferino and announced that he represented CIA Director Allen Dulles. De Gaulle remembered Hasey from wartime days and said: "My door is open any time you need me because you rallied to my side when I needed you."

Dedicated as they were to a united Europe under US auspices, CIA policymakers during this period feared that de Gaulle would, if he came back to power, wreck the Atlantic alliance then in its embryonic phase. Hasey was under instructions to report any moves that de Gaulle might make in that direction. De Gaulle reassured him that he had no intention of toppling the feeble Fourth Republic. Nevertheless Hasey sensed that the general would eventually reemerge, and he sought to convince the CIA of the wisdom of cultivating de Gaulle, thus building up "goodwill" for the future. He proposed, for example, that the agency quietly bring the general to the US for an operation to remove cataracts from his eyes. That idea was spurned. Hasey was permitted to provide de Gaulle with unclassified materials for memoirs he was then writing, but a recommendation that the general be authorized to receive confidential US analyses of world affairs was rejected. According to Hasey, the US ambassador in Paris at the time, Douglas Dillon, was reluctant to visit de Gaulle and only agreed to do so after it was learned that the Soviet envoy was seeing the general regularly.

At meetings between de Gaulle and Hasey, which took place about once a month, the two men reminisced or speculated on global matters. One theme that de Gaulle often emphasized, Hasey recalls, was that the US and the Soviet Union were countries too large to govern and would ultimately fragment. That notion suggested to Hasey that de Gaulle was thinking that the residual French empire would also break up and that independence for Algeria, a burning issue in France at that time, was inevitable. Hasey stresses, however, that nobody really knew what was going on in de Gaulle's mind. Even after he was propelled into power by the uprising in Algiers in 1958, Hasey recalls, a member of the Gaullist inner circle, Gen. Pierre Koenig, told him: "I know that de Gaulle will never let Algeria go, and you report that to Washington."

If the CIA did little to court de Gaulle's goodwill during the late 1950s, its efforts to mobilize his adversaries against him failed. When the Algerian eruption opened the way for de Gaulle's return to power, for instance, a CIA agent in Paris delivered a black bag containing $75,000 to former Premier Guy Mollet in a last-ditch effort to help the Socialist party leader stop the general. Mollet not only did nothing to halt de Gaulle, but in a curious turnabout, joined the Gaullist government and lent it legitimacy. The CIA, incidentally, never again saw the $75,000.

Stanley Karnow

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

Promised Lands

(New Yorker)

The Parallax View

(Paramount)

Word that Susan Sontag was making a documentary about Israel raised hopes. Her journalism from North Vietnam, when it wasn't cuddling her sensibilities, was vivid. Her recent articles on still photography in the *New York Review of Books* were original and stimulating—much more useful than most of the stuff pouring out on that subject. Sontag's two fiction films were disasters, like her two novels, but I thought that the combination of journalistic intent and some perception about photographs as documents might summon the best in her. *Promised Lands* is certainly better than her fiction films, but it disappoints. It's not very good documentary-making, and it adds only a little to what we already know about Israel after the Yom Kippur War.

The worst parts are the beginning and the end. It opens with a series of contrasts: minarets and crosses contrasted with the TV aerials of Jerusalem, the voice of a sports broadcaster contrasted with a memorial ceremony in a war cemetery. This is travelogue-triteness at its dreariest. The ending is a prolonged session in an Israeli military hospital where they are trying to cure a soldier of his battle neuroses by subjecting him to sounds of battle. I have no competent comment on the therapeutic method (though I have some feelings about it); but I think that the length at which Sontag goes on about it has more to do with voyeurism than compassion and has nothing at all to do with specifics of Israel. That hospital room might have been in Kansas or Korea.

Throughout the film there is more evidence of Sontag's inability to tear herself away from the sensational—a close-up of a charred corpse, for instance—just because it's available to her camera, no matter how little the shot or the continuance of the shot is adding. And a good deal of the rest—the streets and roads and homes and cold battlefields, the flocks grazing not far from burned-out tanks—is the common currency of TV reports.

Sontag's special contribution is in several interviews with Israelis that are braided through the picture. (Even here there's a foolishness; these men are apparently figures of some consequence, but they are unidentified.) The recurrent comment in these interviews was not a new idea, but I had never heard it before from an Israeli; it seems the fruit of the latest war. More than once occurs the phrase "The Jews know drama, but they don't know tragedy." I take this statement to imply (as is said elsewhere in the film) some Israeli vainglory after the Six-Day War (Aristotle's hamartia), some sense of the insanity of an endless series of wars, some recognition of the validities of the Arab cause. Hegel is not mentioned but he is certainly implicated: the Hegelian view of tragedy is not a struggle between truth and falsehood but between two opposing, partial truths. This Hegelian perspective on the Israeli-Arab conflict may be limited to a small segment of Israel's people—I don't know—but it seems to be what interested Sontag most; and it makes the most interesting parts of her film.

"Parallax" is *not* the name of a new chocolate-covered tablet to Keep You Regular. "Parallax" means (I've just lately looked it up) "the apparent displacement of an observed object due to a change in the position of the observer." Or the difference between the view of an object through a camera lens and through a separate viewfinder. In short a seeming difference in an object not because of the object but because of the way you look at it.

The Parallax View is a thriller about the murder of some presidential aspirants. These assassinations are carried out by a group called Parallax Corporation, who make the killings look as if they were done by certain people; but with the shift in view that the film gives us, the killings later look quite different. A commission, rather heavily suggesting the Warren Commission, hands down reports closing both cases self-confidently; but from our more knowledgeable "parallax" view, we know that both reports are wrong.

Warren Beatty is a Seattle reporter who, two years after the first killing, stumbles across some clues that make him sniff suspiciously. He wants to follow them up for his newspaper. There is some demurral by his editor (Hume Cronyn) in the familiar "Kid, I like you but you're crazy" vein. Finally the editor gives him the go-ahead, even conspires with him to keep the investigation secret. Result: more killings and an ending in which Beatty—I won't say how—is saddled with another political murder.

David Giler and Lorenzo Semple, Jr. wrote the script from a novel by Loren Singer, and they wrote it with adequate zip. It moves fast, if not exactly deep, but it leaves the viewer with something more than a deliberately unsolved mystery. Who are the Parallax group? Since the political views of the murdered men are never made clear, we have no clue about the political motives of their murderers. Or are they apolitical agents of a foreign power, simply sowing chaos? Where did the evidently enormous financial backing come from to train and direct a secret intelligence force? The picture ends with the feeling that the secret agency is more paragovernmental than parallax. But why?

This would be a mere flaw in a suspense story in most cases; here, because of the echoes purposely stirred, it verges on the irresponsible. I objected to *Executive Action* (*TNR*, Nov. 24, 1973) because it fabricated a theory about John Kennedy's murder in some detail and then said it was only a fabrication. *The Parallax View* is presented as pure fiction but, because of the resemblances, it becomes impure: senten-

(continued on page 33)

Films Worth Seeing

Badlands. A young director-writer with a crime epic of the '50s. Flawed but exceptional.

The Conversation. Another young director-writer with a moral parable about an electronic snooper. Also flawed, also exceptional.

The Last Detail. A young director *and* a young writer, with a raunchy cruel tale of the peacetime navy. Less flawed, so more exceptional.

Wedding in Blood. Veteran director-writer Claude Chabrol, with French crimes of passion. Script flawed, direction superb.

SK

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Opinions and Persons

Love-Hate Relations: English and American Sensibilities
by Stephen Spender

(Random House; $8.95)

In the early months of their friendship, W. H. Auden advised Stephen Spender not to write poetry but "autobiographical prose narrative." Spender continued to write poetry, fiction and criticism, but he seems to have concurred with Auden's estimate of his particular talent. Comparing his own poetry to that of Auden and Day Lewis, he notes that whereas Auden was the ideologue of the group, arranging "his world into intellectual patterns, illustrated with . . . brilliant imagery," and Lewis the more pastoral "traditional talent," "I was the autobiographer restlessly searching for forms in which to express the stages of my development." Again, during his first luncheon with T. S. Eliot, when the august elder statesman declared that "Poetry was a task which required the fullest attention of a man during his whole life-time," Spender had a sudden painful moment of insight, realizing that "My problem is that . . . what I write are fragments of autobiography: sometimes they are poems, sometimes stories, and the longer passages may take the form of novels."

These self-evaluations are recorded in Spender's autobiography *World Within World* (1951), a beautiful portrait of what it was like to be a sensitive, brilliant, middle-class, left-wing liberal, cosmopolitan man of letters in the Oxford of the late '20s, the enticing but terrible Germany of the early '30s, the great English country houses of *entre deux guerres*, the Spanish Civil War, and finally in dark London of the Blitz. Spender's extensive knowledge of the great men and women of his time, as well as his honest, frequently unflattering treatment of his own sexual, social and political ambivalences make *World Within World* a modern classic.

If *Love-Hate Relations* falls well below the mark set by *World Within World*, it is because this study of "English and American Sensibilities" is not autobiographical enough. On the face of it Spender seems eminently qualified to analyze the evolving relations between British and American literary and cultural life during this century. For the past three decades he has spent much time in America, lecturing and giving seminars and readings at universities from coast to coast. In 1949 he wrote an essay called "The Situation of the American Writer," which oddly echoes Henry James' famed attack on the cultural poverty of the United States: "a country without a sovereign, without a court, without a nobility . . . without an Oxford or Cambridge, without cathedrals or ivied churches. . . ." The American artist, Spender argues, is peculiarly isolated because he belongs to no identifiable literary community—no Oxford, no Bloomsbury, no Café de Flore—where he can meet older, established writers. When success does come, it is likely to prove fatal: "the loaded rift of writing is transformed into expensive-seeming glossy by-products of reputation." For, even at his most successful, the American writer cannot reach the wide public he longs to make his own. The country is too large, amorphous, eclectic. The only hope, Spender suggests, might be to found an influential literary periodical that would bring writers together, and, appropriately for these columns, he points to "that small but excellent weekly, *The New Republic*" as an exemplar, while bemoaning *TNR*'s limited circulation.

I am not sure that anything Spender says in *Love-Hate Relations* goes very far beyond the basic thesis of this 1949 essay. A hundred years ago, we learn, "England had over America what Emerson called 'the immense advantage.'" The Victorians and Edwardians regarded American novels "either as examples of juvenile literature or as 'sports,' altogether extraordinary works deriving from circumstances which did not touch the English at any point." American writers were divided into two rival camps: those, like James and later Eliot and Pound, who scorned America and looked to Europe for "civilization," and those like Emerson and Whitman who rejected Europe and preached the gospel of the New World. Since World War II, however, the balance has shifted dramatically. English culture has increasingly declined, and it is now America that has the "immense advantage." Whereas 100 years ago, American writers were "drawn to Europe by its past," today English writers are "drawn to America by its immediately contemporary energy." This is not to say, however, that all is well with modern American culture, whose energy must regularly confront "a viscous, gluey substance made up of materialism, power and public indifference." Torn between the apathy of his native culture and the deep-seated tensions that characterize American literary life, the English writer can only hope to "accept the internationalism of the concept of 'life forces' that are arrayed against those of 'death,' but at the same time to maintain a hierarchy of values within the chaotic and vague concept of life."

This account of Anglo-American literary relationships is hardly a new view or even a new synthesis. The two rival strains in American writing—Redskin and Paleface, Adamic and Mythic—have been thoroughly explored by many critics; accordingly, Spender's chapters on Emerson, Whitman and James are the weakest in the book. It is not particularly enlightening, for example, to read that "*Song of Myself* is the archetypal poem of the subjective . . . Through complete absorption in the present moment Whitman's 'I' becomes the universe," or that "in his later novels James . . . fell more and more into using symbols, as titles like *The Golden Bowl* and *The Ivory Tower* show," or that "Americans fear the European past; Europeans fear the American future."

But—and this is where autobiography comes in—as soon as Spender talks of the writers whom he knew *personally*, *Love-Hate Relations* comes alive, reminding us that Spender's best critical essays have always been personal memoirs like the famed *Atlantic Monthly* memoir of Auden (1953) or the *Encounter* piece on Eliot (1965). In the chapter "English Poets and the War," he makes some fine discriminations between British and American expatriate attitudes toward the Great War:

> *For Pound and Eliot the war signified the breakdown of the western civilization which they viewed as an effort of intellect and imagination rather than contemporary involvement with*

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ruined landscape and broken flesh. The fragmentation of The Cantos *and* The Waste Land *is fragmentation of the historic mind and vision of civilization. The fragmentation of the poetry of Wilfred Owen and Isaac Rosenberg is of the English killed in the trenches in Europe; the England betrayed by the Lloyd Georges and Northcliffes at home. . . . Only an American who had turned up in Europe to support the cause of Civilization could suppose that the English had died on the Fields of Flanders in the belief that they were fighting [in Pound's words] 'For two gross of broken statues, / For a few thousand battered books'. . . . The soldiers were only fighting for books in the sense that they were fighting for survival and for the England which in them was Shakespeare's and Blake's.*

Spender puts his finger on the essential difference between English and American sensibilities in a way he fails to do when discussing 19th-century writers. Indeed his best chapter is his last, "The American Advantage," in which he considers the steadily increasing role of the American university as patron of the arts. The institutionalization of art in the United States is a relatively recent phenomenon; Spender's attitude toward these new "magnetic centers of intellectual life," where he himself has spent so much time, is curiously ambivalent. He admits that the patronage of the university provides a great stimulus for creative writing; it opens up "culture" for thousands of individuals otherwise separated by geography. On the other hand the poet-in-residence, although very much admired by his campus audience, is terribly isolated from the larger world outside. Recalling a poets' conference in the early '50s, when Randall Jarrell, in a speech delivered to a packed Harvard auditorium, denounced the obscurity to which modern poets are condemned by a Philistine public, Spender writes:

The first thing that struck me, a visiting Englishman, was that it seemed extraordinary for a poet to complain about being neglected to an adulatory audience of about two thousand deeply interested colleagues, teachers, students, and autograph hunters. However, as Jarrell pursued his . . . trenchant discourses, the nature of his grievance became clear. It was an attack precisely on the idea of elitism. . . . Jarrell argued, "One of the oldest, deepest, and most nearly conclusive attractions of democracy is manifested in our feeling that . . . bread and justice, education and art, will be accessible to everyone."

This conception of democracy, Spender suggests, is what makes the American poet potentially such a tragic figure. His heritage has convinced him that art should be accessible to everyone, but he is everywhere confronted by the reality that in a mass democracy like ours even the greatest poet counts for very little. Thus the poets of the so-called counterculture—Creeley, Ginsberg, Snyder—are, in Spender's view, simply academics in redskin clothing, longing to be loved by all, yet dependent on the forum provided by the university for their livelihood. The peculiar isolation of the American poet accounts for the strange envy he sometimes displays toward Russian writers, the belief that, as Robert Lowell put it when he introduced Voznysensky to a New York audience some years ago, "in your country the government takes what poets write and say seriously enough to wish to suppress them." Such a remark, Spender observes, has an air of annoying frivolity, but it must be understood as an attempt "to define the exasperated frustration felt by the American of sensibility, his awareness of the state of the nation in which he feels terribly implicated, while yet unable to do anything about it. . . . The authorities provide American writers with honors, money, flattery. The one thing they do not do is take their work seriously, because literature is not an influence within the area of public consideration and policy." The writer is thus left in the peculiar position of communicating only with those "who feel exactly as he does." The "immense advantage" of contemporary American culture is thus a two-edged sword.

Spender's discussion of the peculiar tensions that characterize our literary scene, with its pre-packaged poetry readings and creative writing courses, is consistently illuminating. When he can draw on his personal experience of America, he reacts with tact, insight and sound judgment, striving, above all, to be fair to both sides. But although its autobiographical passages constitute the real interest of *Love-Hate Relations*, they cannot quite buttress the book's central thesis, which demands full-scale historical and critical treatment. The immodest announcement that this is "Spender's major literary study, the result of a lifetime's work and reflection" is not Spender's own. He seems, on the contrary, quite aware that his treatment of "the American problem" is in part derivative, in part highly personal. To say, as his publishers do, that *Love-Hate Relations* is "a work of the literary imagination that will stand next to D. H. Lawrence's *Studies in Classic American Literature*" is a sign of the extravagance of our current literary politics, an absurdity Spender himself defines so admirably in his closing chapter.

Marjorie G. Perloff

Ups and Downs

An American Life: One Man's Road to Watergate by Jeb Stuart Magruder

(Atheneum; $10)

If the typical life in these United States is amoral, superficial, devious, criminal and eternally immature, then Jeb Stuart Magruder's is an American Life. I am not prepared to accept that. I am prepared to accept this book as a professionally crafted (largely by Patrick Anderson), shrewdly drawn and crudely promoted map of one man's road to Watergate. The professional packaging includes a full back-jacket family picture perhaps selected by Magruder, perhaps without realizing his family was being set up to look like the Loud family of American politics. By his own account Magruder comes across as a man who certainly would not have run over his grandmother for President Nixon's reelection; he would have taken a step that drastic only for himself, and then only if he had the PR worked out.

Magruder's rise-and-fall autobiography attempts to imply that any apple pie-eating, all-American Williams graduate would commit essentially the same crimes in his place. Defensively he tells us that when he went to work to improve Nixon's image he was young (35 when he joined the White House staff; 37 when he became involved in planning the Watergate wiretaps, burglary and illegal entry; 38 when he perjured himself repeatedly) and ambitious (moving through several marketing jobs

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en route to the cosmetics business from which he was lured by Bob Haldeman in good measure because he saw the White House as the stepping stone to money and power). But the men who wrote our Constitution in 1789 were even younger and more ambitious. And there were numerous other young men who have come to the White House in the past 40 years.

Magruder's White House experience prepared him well for his lies to the federal prosecutors and his perjury before the grand jury and Judge Sirica. He lies to his boss Herb Klein in order to place responsibility on his own assistant Rob Odle because he did not want Klein to know "that in a showdown I was following Haldeman's orders not Klein's." As Magruder tells it, White House aide Bill Safire lies to columnists Rowland Evans and Robert Novak, blaming Magruder for the disastrous Nixon television showing back-to-back with Democratic Sen. Edmund Muskie on election eve 1970. When dissembler Magruder confronts dissembler Safire, Safire says, "Jeb, I was just trying to get your name in the book."

Solidly hitching former Attorney General Mitchell to the planning of the Watergate burglary and wiretapping, Magruder appreciates Mitchell's display of sensitivity to Gordon Liddy's feelings. Mitchell gently rejected Liddy's initial million-dollar kidnapping, call-girl, burglary and wiretap plan by asking Liddy simply, "Why don't you tone it down a little, then we'll talk about it again?" Working at the Committee for the Re-election of the President, Magruder considers Mitchell his foremost patron. Yet he sneaks advance copies of his campaign memos to Mitchell over to Bob Haldeman's office because that's where the power was and Haldeman promised not to "sandbag" him with his boss.

Magruder is, retrospectively, appalled and ashamed of the things he did and the acts that Colson, Haldeman and Mitchell approved and ordered committed. But the reader has no sense of even the slightest appreciation by Magruder or any of the other characters at the time of their grotesque misuse of the power entrusted to them. To Magruder, like Mitchell, it was well worth the effort in view of the Democratic alternative available.

What comes through with great clarity is a President of the United States obsessed with image, not substance; harboring a hatred for liberals and the best press in America, unhealthy for any

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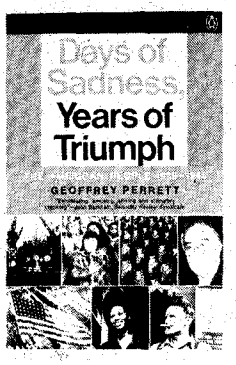

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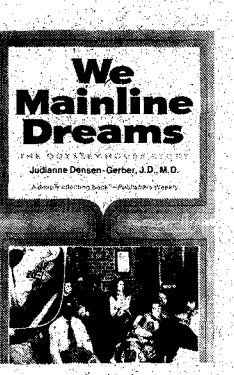

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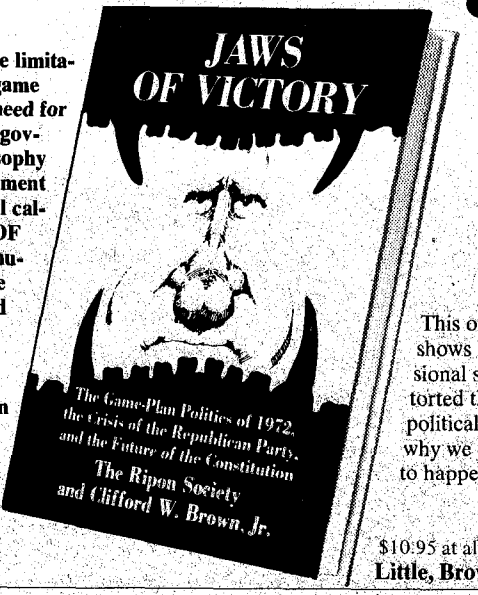
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individual much less the Chief Executive; consumed by partisan and PR details ranging from the artificial creation of support for himself to the writing of phony conscience-pricking letters to columnists John Osborne and Hugh Sidey. On his first day in the White House, Magruder receives from Haldeman eight separate memos on public relations dictated by the President in one day. Within a month the President congratulates Magruder on getting stacks of White House-inspired telegrams to his desk in time for a favorable wire service photograph the morning after a Vietnam television speech.

Magruder expresses a somewhat tentative belief that Nixon did not know about the Watergate break-in prior to its occurrence, although he believes Haldeman did. Yet the President's intimate knowledge of every other detail of his image, his administration's image and their enemies in politics and the press is a potent brief against Magruder's conclusion on this score. Haldeman's man Gordon Strachan called Magruder in Los Angeles almost as soon as the ink dried on the Metropolitan Police blotters recording the arrest of the Watergate burglars. Magruder makes it clear that the ensuing events, including the cover-up, were known to Haldeman. In view of the Nixon-Haldeman Siamese-twin relationship, Magruder believes Nixon "kept in close personal touch with the cover-up operation, through Mitchell and Haldeman."

Magruder's vignettes of life in Nixon's White House should be as devastating to some of the President's hardcore 30 percent as they are to Magruder himself. He gives us a glimpse of Henry Kissinger characterizing a national television correspondent as "an agent of the Rumanian government" in pandering comment to a President who promptly orders Magruder to "get the word out" that "that guy is a Communist."

The anecdotal picture of the Nixon White House that Magruder paints could be the Kremlin in an anti-Communist tract written by Whitaker Chambers. Letters are faked; write-in campaigns are organized on behalf of Ted Kennedy to sow distrust among the other Democratic contenders; senior aides lie to each other and junior aides lie to senior aides; double-crosses and dirty tricks abound. As the Watergate cover-up plot thickens, Haldeman, Higby and Colson tape Magruder responses to their leading questions. Magruder, through the pages of his book, manages with his special brand of candor to slice up Kissinger, Haldeman, Strachan, Ehrlichman and Nixon. Only Mitchell and Fred LaRue, whom Magruder describes as co-cover-up conspirators, escape his knife.

Magruder saves some of his sharpest cuts for lawyers Kenneth Parkinson and Paul O'Brien. He mistakenly tells Parkinson the truth about Watergate. Subsequently he commits to writing the cover-up story for Parkinson's use. When Magruder decides to squeal, lawyer O'Brien calls him out to his house and asks him some leading questions in a desperate attempt to save the lawyer's own skin. O'Brien writes down his questions and Magruder's answers and asks Magruder to sign it. When Magruder refuses to do so, O'Brien asks him to at least put an "X" at the bottom of the page. Later Magruder's lawyer explains to him that "an X is as good as your signature if you use it to identify yourself on a document." In addition to making money on the royalties, Magruder seems determined to help lay the foundation for disbarment in any legal association less permissive than the District of Columbia.

Catholics customarily reveal their sins to a priest in the sacred privacy of the confessional. Jews have their Day of Atonement in the Holy Temple. Criminals usually keep their most incriminating revelations under the umbrella of the lawyer-client privilege. But not Jeb Magruder. He hired one of the best writers in Washington and then published his revelations for all of us to read. It might have been as entertaining as the first of the Hope-Crosby-Lamour Road movies. Ten bucks worth of Watergate thrills that makes the best (money) of it for Magruder in the first of the Road-to-Watergate series. Unfortunately, however, this painfully sad American life exposes such pervasive insensitivity to the enormous danger these "young" men represented to our democratic way of life that it qualifies as a major tragedy.

Joseph A. Califano, Jr.

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Not Everything

Khrushchev Remembers by Nikita S. Khrushchev

(Little, Brown; $12.95)

On that day in October 1964, so far as his countrymen and people beyond the borders of the USSR knew, Nikita Khrushchev was one of the world's three most important statesmen; together with his corresponding number and personal foe in Peking, and the President of the United States, he was one of the supreme arbiters of international politics. Chairman of the Council of Ministers and First Secretary of the party, Khrushchev was called by his senior Presidium colleague, Suslov (February 1964), the "universally acknowledged leader of our Party and nation," the man who "expressed the deepest thoughts and dreams of the Soviet people."

Yet on that same October 14, as a result of a palace coup engineered largely by the very same Suslov, the Central Committee ratified a previous decision of the Presidium deposing Khrushchev from all his offices. On October 16 the Soviet people were curtly informed that the Central Committee acceded to Khrushchev's plea that on account of his advanced age and ailing health he be released from his multifarious duties. Throughout the vast expanse of the Soviet Union not a dog barked at the momentous news, the appalling prevarication contained in the official communiqué. The man who had dominated the USSR for 10 years and who had shaken the world with his threats and designs (or as his successors were to characterize it later, "harebrained schemes") became overnight an obscure emeritus. In the seven years that remained to Nikita Sergeievich he was, unless I am mistaken, to be mentioned in the official press—and briefly—but twice, the last occasion at his death.

"My camera helps me fill the vacuum of my life . . . After all the stormy political activity . . . the emptiness of a pensioner's life has often been very very depressing," writes the erstwhile "universally acknowledged leader" of the Soviet people and party. Dictating to a tape recorder as well as taking pictures, the unfortunate Khrushchev whiled away his last years. Transcribed and edited, the result of these ruminations

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and reflections is now being offered to the American public.

Like the first volume that appeared some years ago, this second installment of *Khrushchev Remembers* should be subtitled: "but not everything, not always truthfully or accurately." "Old age brings no joy" is a Russian proverb that applies especially sharply to deposed Communist potentates. Even in his prime in power, Nikita Sergeievich was prone to prattling and to telling fibs; some, like the story that Stalin planned campaigns on a globe, did him incalculable harm. Most people were ready to believe that Stalin was a monster, but not stupid to boot.

But at that time his speeches and activity exuded ferocious energy as well as peasant cunning; of those characteristics there is hardly a trace left in the tapes. A tired, forgetful and toward the end, clearly ailing man speaks to us, and, to be honest, what he has to say is not terribly interesting. To be sure, the cause is not only old age or that trauma that a Communist more than any other powerful politician is apt to experience when tossed abruptly into forced retirement. But as the result of external or internal censorship Khrushchev was allowed to remember only those things that did not intrude on that large area which in the Soviet Union is comprised by the term "state secrets."

How much would we give for an account of that Central Committee meeting where Khrushchev, brought from his Crimean repose, was informed that he had just asked to be relieved of his onerous duties. Or for the story of when he himself performed a similar operation on Marshal Zhukov who only a few months before, in June 1957, had helped Khrushchev save his job; in October he unsentimentally fired him. Or for a *truthful* version of why the USSR sought to install nuclear missiles in Cuba. But, alas, these are not forthcoming. The facts surrounding Zhukov's firing are all recorded, Khrushchev assures us, in the minutes of the Party Presidium and the Central Committee. Thanks. . . .

From the point of view of what newspapermen call revelations, and the scholar, data, Khrushchev's ruminations are most unsatisfactory. Even so they are still absorbing as a portrayal of Communist mentality. Quite apart from conscious prevarication or lapses of memory, he seems genuinely unable to distinguish what might be called reality from the Soviet version of it. An ill-informed reader of his recollections could easily conclude that it was the Soviet Union that made territorial concessions to Poland following World War II rather than *vice versa*. The present Kremlin leadership can find nothing objectionable in Khrushchev's explanation of the Sino-Soviet conflict: it is all due to "Mao and his clique." And, in accordance with the current Soviet line, Khrushchev is most unchivalrous in his reference to the "Great Helmsman's" wife. America's labor leaders display "doglike loyalty to capitalism and unfriendliness to socialism."

The peasant boy from Kalinovka was pleased and flattered by his reception in America in 1959, even though, as he sadly confesses, he did not get from Eisenhower what he wanted. (He does not say what it was and perhaps does not remember, but one assumes it must have been a German treaty and a joint US-Russia front *vis-à-vis* China.) Occasionally one does find an important admission. Following Stalin's death the leadership was scared: "We were afraid the thaw might unleash a flood which we wouldn't be able to control and which would drown us . . . [which] would have washed away all the barriers and retaining walls of our society." And a priceless understatement: "from the viewpoint of the leadership this would have been an unfavorable development." That is precisely how Messrs. Brezhnev and Kosygin feel today about *ideological* coexistence.

Nikita Sergeievich is not much of a raconteur. But there is one delightful episode. Visiting Indonesia he relaxes by walking in the grounds of Sukarno's palace:

> *I saw two huge apes—orangutans, I believe—chained to a tree . . . they just sat there with sad expressions on their faces. They seemed resigned to their misery . . . Later I said to Sukarno, "Why do you keep those apes chained up out there? It makes a very bad impression."*

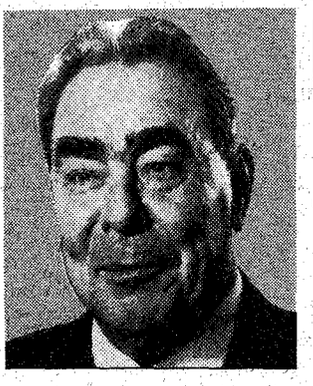
Khrushchev, I am sure, does not intend this story as a parable. Later he confesses his sorrow that he was so hard on the Soviet intelligentsia when he was in power. He still does not like modern painting, sculpture or music. But now in the evening of his life he no longer sees any need for dealing with them by "resorting to administrative and police measures." They undoubtedly make a very bad impression.

Adam B. Ulam

The world's most powerful Communist leader is in the driver's seat — of a Mercedes and a Lincoln Continental.

The first one he got from Willy Brandt. The Lincoln came from Richard Nixon. Whether or not his comrades approve, Leonid Brezhnev has become a connoisseur of the good life—from thoroughbred horses to haute cuisine. But he is also a tough, canny politician. Flexible enough to have survived 20 years of political storms—including the one that deposed his patron, Nikita Khrushchev. Powerful enough to have strengthened his hold on the Soviet party and state—while engineering a controversial (and risky) détente with the West.

In this first full-length biography, John Dornberg, former chief of *Newsweek's* Moscow Bureau, gets behind the paradox and traces Brezhnev's rise from minor *apparatchik* to major force in international affairs. "He has succeeded remarkably well in piecing together a portrait of the supreme leader of the country that remains, despite détente, the United States' principal antagonist on the world stage. . . . His book provides valuable insight into the political interplay at the top of the Soviet hierarchy."—**Theodore Shabad,** *New York Times Book Review.* Illustrated, $10.00



BREZHNEV
The Masks of Power
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Early Feminist

Nancy Astor and Her Friends by Elizabeth Langhorne

(Praeger; $10)

A gentle biography of Elizabeth Langhorne's relative by marriage, much like what might be told to a stranger about a beloved, famous, somewhat eccentric relative, this book might better have been called "Nancy Astor and her Politics," or "Nancy and Waldorf Astor and Their Politics." They were not always the same, especially as they grew older and he moved to the left as she to the right. For it is Nancy's political career, beginning even before she became the first female member of the House of Commons in 1919 and continuing through her tenure as M.P. from Plymouth, which forms the bulk of the book.

Nancy was a feminist, even from early childhood, when she refused to fit into the ladylike pattern of her beautiful older sister Irene, who became the wife of artist Charles Dana Gibson and model for his "Gibson girl." She dedicated herself to improving the well-being, health and education of British children and women. Not only British children benefited from her efforts. When she visited Russia in 1931 with Bernard Shaw, she told Stalin that she was appalled at how Soviet nursery schools were run and that he should send her a sensible woman and she would teach her how to care for five-year-old children. He sent a dozen. In 1931, too, she fought to reduce the 72-hour work-week then in effect for 14- to 16-year-olds. In 1936 she introduced and fought through a bill that raised the school-leaving age to 15. Peace, the League of Nations, World Federation, and—when the time came that it was necessary—a strong defense and American support of England prior to US entry into World War II, were all projects for which she worked.

When Lady Astor entered the House as the only female member among more than 600 men, most of whom were hostile to having any woman as M.P., she was ignored and excluded, as though—as Churchill put it—"If they could freeze her out, they would be rid of the female for good." To his comment that her being in the House was "as though some woman had entered my bath, and I had nothing to protect myself with except my sponge!" she is reputed to have responded, "Don't worry Winston. *You* would be in no danger." Relations between them never grew warm although she was one of those who joined the opposition to defeat Chamberlain and install Churchill as Prime Minister.

Recognizing that if the pattern she set was one of female submission, it might make it difficult for future female M.P.s to be effective, she chose as her maiden speech the controversial "Temperance and the State Purchase of the Liquor Traffic." Herself abstemious, she argued not for prohibition but for moderation. Her bill passed. Her career would be devoted to "water supply, refuse disposal, pure milk, good schools, early pub closing, guardianship of infants, inheritance laws, unemployment compensation . . . ."

Never having lost an election, she reluctantly stepped down after 25 years because Waldorf did not want her to run and because "I am bound to obey. Is that not a triumph for men?" Yet her husband was right. Her sense of the absurd which had stood her in good stead in her younger days overshadowed her more serious efforts, too often making her appear ridiculous. She was no longer in the vanguard of the women's rights movement—or any movement. She was still fighting battles long won and unwilling or unable to adjust to needs waiting to be satisfied.

Christopher Sykes in his 1972 biography alleged that in the period after her retirement she became prematurely senile. Betty Langhorne challenges him, recalling family and personal reminiscences of Nancy's clearheadedness into her 80s when she did, indeed, lapse into senility. What Sykes called early senility was more her confusion and overwhelming frustration, after a lifetime of vigorous activity, at suddenly having nothing to do. Idleness and uselessness came hard to this strong-willed nonconformist, who also found that her faith, which had earlier given her much strength, failed to help her adjust to inactivity and shelving. Unfortunately, because she blamed Waldorf for her "premature" retirement, his last years were spent in illness and estrangement from her, though they both shared Cliveden.

After Waldorf's death she chose to leave Cliveden but could not reconcile herself to living in a flat. Still, flashes of the old Nancy, whose one-word comment ("Rats!") in a parliamentary debate had endeared her to Shaw, came through when she stumped for her sons, and when addressing a hostile African audience in Rhodesia, her bluntness won them over. Responding to a black man's question, "Did she think her son better than his?" she answered, "Which are you talking of? I have five sons. One I would trust to run the Empire. Another I wouldn't trust to take me across Berkeley Square." But such opportunities were rare.

In some respects this biography is a necessary corrective, despite its emphasis on Nancy's being a Langhorne and a Virginian. And it provides an easily read biography of a female role model at a time of increasing interest in feminist literature. But its strength—and its poignancy—lies in the final chapters, in its description of Nancy's decline and in what happens to a dynamic personality when she outlives her friends, her family, her purpose.

Rodelle Weintraub

A Fine Fiction

Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance by Robert M. Pirsig

(Morrow; $7.95)

Though the book jacket is too cagey to declare it, this book is a novel. It says nothing practical about choppers, and little more about Zen. But it says plenty about cycles writ large, and implies even more about art—particularly the fiction of the American '70s. *Zen* is a novel in need of maintenance because it chops and grinds its way along, truly humming only at the end—which is part of the point.

Or, I could begin this review like this: We've got ours! We've got our sweetly reasonable man of the people, our Paul Goodman out of Central Park riding his machine into Yellowstone and beyond! He likes his beer, his cigarettes, his steak, his eggs. He climbs tall mountains with his son. And he thinks. Thinks? Shucks, he conceptualizes. He's read Kant and Hume, Plato and Aris-

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totle: we know he has because he shows how they all went wrong. Instead of watching TV, our man on the highway prefers to prop his feet on footrests and ponder. He's against suburbia, frenzy, competitiveness, shallow academics, and squareness. He's for Soul, Quality, the One, the Good, and selective capitalization. He even tells us that some of his best friends used to be Negroes. He admires Gumption.

Or, perhaps I should begin with Pirsig's ending—"there is a feeling now, that was not here before, and is not just on the surface of things, but penetrates all the way through: We've won it. It's going to get better now. You can sort of tell these things." This remarkable novel is part of the evidence that there is indeed an important new victory making itself felt now, a resurgence rivaling the one that seized America in the middle of the last century. Ideas in the outdoors: we haven't seen anything like it since Melville. If Melville and his contemporaries worried about the machine in the garden, Pirsig is one of many writers now worried about slipping the garden back into the machine—art back into artifice, romantic back into classical—and it's a telling moment when Pirsig rebukes Thoreau for "talking to another situation, another time, just discovering the evils of technology rather than discovering the solution. . . . No books can guide us anymore."

Not unlike Thoreau's and Melville's books, nevertheless, Pirsig's novel is by turns exasperating and profoundly exciting. *Zen* starts as a simple vacation trip across country—light tripping soon to turn heavy. The narrator is a 40-year-old technical writer who rides his motorcycle from Minneapolis through the Dakotas to Montana—up through Red Lodge, down through Yellowstone, over to Bozeman—then on to Oregon, and down the coast to the San Francisco Bay. He's riding west, as so many have before, through the incredible vastness and disparity of North America. Moving, as in the hymn, through the lonesome valley toward the Pacific: "No one else can cross it for you. You've got to cross it for yourself." With the narrator is his 11-year-old son, Chris, riding behind, also crossing a lonesome valley of his own. There cannot be much talking on a cycle, but there can be much thinking, and that's what the narrator tells us this book will be—thoughtful essays, a series of set pieces he calls Chautauquas, "intended to edify and entertain." But this novel is less about edification, besieged as it becomes, than about the relationship of edification to everything else in the world.

From the first day the Chautauqua is in trouble. The narrator wants to describe the division of Western thought into what he calls classical and romantic thought, one hierarchical and formal, the other immediate and recoiling from form. But how far back must he go to find its source? And he's haunted all the while by other problems. The landscape calls for attention, the motorcycle needs maintenance, women hover at vision's periphery—and Chris. Chris badly needs attention, which the narrator only gives grudgingly through the bulk of the book. Then there is Phaedrus (named for the victim of the famous Platonic dialogue), an earlier personality of the narrator himself.

As a college teacher Phaedrus became increasingly alienated from the ways of the Aristotelian classroom, then more and more Ahabian in monomaniacal pursuit of the source of the Western mythos, until hospitalization and electroshock therapy erased him years before this journey. Remembered fragments of that former life demand attention because Phaedrus had already been down the path of the romantic/classical division and found it led inevitably to madness: "To go outside the mythos is to become insane . . . Insanity is the *terra incognita* surrounding the mythos." Only in the unremembered and undiscovered territory beyond the mythos, Phaedrus believed, can fresh cultural springs flow. Back with the Sophists, pre-Plato, existed true unity: the Godhead, the One, the Whole, Quality. The romantic and the classical modes, Phaedrus thought, have actually been trying to voice the same thing—Quality—but with less consciousness of doing so as the chasm widened between the present stutter and the mother tongue. One is left only with the two voices and no sense of the third, which contained them both.

Both voices are inadequate: two halves of one larger vision each arrogating all truth and reality to its own method. The major tone of all Western thought footnoting Plato has been this dialectic, his dialogue introjected and projected, his competitiveness, his sense of discovery as a heads-on fight so nervous that it was peripatetic, so destructive that it masked itself as Socratic innocence, so manipulative that we will study Plato's dialogues as we do famous chess games;

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dialogue and dialectic are displaced war. Small wonder that martial metaphor seems so pertinent to our lives, that so much seems like war to us even when it really is not. Merely by talking about things we wage war. The eternal polarities of American literature—romance to naturalism, round and round—are an instance of such a dialectical battle. In fact, one of the keener readings of Pirsig's as well as several other recent novels is as a recapitulation of this old fight. However, Pirsig and other new writers hope to surmount the battle neither by joining one side to vanquish the other, nor by staking out a golden mean, but by imagining, living and yoking the extremes. People who wake up starving in the middle of the night to make mile-high Dagwoods will know what this book is about.

Pirsig addresses all this less in the Chautauquas than in the back-ups. The narrator is reluctant to face the competition in his novel between essay and fiction, Chautauqua and Chris, edification and experience. These disturbing fragments, piling up, become the reader's greatest anxiety. At the expense of the boy who desperately needs to hear his father's voice, the discussions of philosophy sometimes grind on. The few times father and son talk early in the trip, the boy is eager, bright, inquisitive. But the trip is not so much across as it is farther and farther into the past's silence and toward Phaedrus' madness. The son goes quietly crazy with this—day after day sitting with helmet on head, staring at his father's back, obeying the man's benevolent routine, with no one to talk to, and mysteriously unable even to write his mother. Pirsig builds this beautifully, paradoxically. The Chautauqua is about the need to unify experience, but its clutching changes take the travelers out of experience, away from women; away from the land they meant to encounter; away from fiction, into Phaedrus' history and insanity, into fear and denial. The back-ups reluctantly reveal more and more of this difficulty until, finally, the narrator sees the reluctance as plain hypocrisy. Our sweetly reasonable guide has all along had a "mind divided against itself." He feels, "somehow we have arrived at the end of the world."

In the fog of the Mendocino coast the boy breaks down, suffers the silent inattention no longer, begins to wail "high-pitched and inhuman, like a siren in the distance." At an edge of his own, the father has seriously considered returning to the hospital, but decides to try talking to his son one last time. Yet as experience hounded the Chautauqua, now whining gear-changes from a straining truck punctuate the reaches of man and boy toward each other. Two sounds: the wail of a boy's totally acknowledged misery; the whine of machines. Maybe Pirsig means they are the same sound: some distant unity suddenly converging on the narrator. Subliminal whines and wails have been in the novel all along, but the father has chiefly ministered to the gears—of the cycle, of the Chautauqua—at the expense of Chris' needs. Now both voices are upon him. And Phaedrus is also upon him—talking through the man to calm the boy. That voice from territory beyond the dialectic, then, is possible: "It has all come together." The father encompasses it all, encompasses even mad Phaedrus when he tells the boy that Phaedrus was not insane. Father and son return to the cycle, more in tune with its drone and swings than ever before. They ride it to the water of the bay.

I'm inclined to accept the winning end because the narrator has so clearly gone through it all, has faced the pits of history, has spoken the tongues of his times. Like the Prufrock he almost becomes, this narrator has intimated he'd prefer to scuttle across the floors of silent seas, has wondered how to begin, how to presume, has feared himself a fool. But he has presumed and he has disturbed the universe and he has walked the *terra incognita* and declared that walk sane. When his son's human voice woke him, he did not drown. There will be a lot of people reading this novel and it may well become an American classic.

W. T. Lhamon, Jr.

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Drama of Hope

The Notebooks of David Ignatow edited by Ralph J. Mills, Jr.

(Swallow Press; $9.95)

Man without hope is "man at his worst, in a state of furious ego which is driving him to destruction . . . What we don't realize is that our disappointments have killed our hopes." *Notebooks* is the diary of a search for hope, uncompleted, but unabandoned.

A journal of intense mental and spiritual intimacy, coming as it does in a period when detailed self-analysis and revelation—(or, as Ignatow scornfully characterizes easy exhibitionism, "a throwing of their guts in your face . . .")—has reached a high tide, the book might have been another piece of flotsam. What distinguishes *Notebooks* from that genre is its lethal honesty, its awareness that self-revelation in any book is only as valuable as the light it throws on human problems. Ignatow's search for hope is complicated by his native temperament, the circumstances of his early life, and the insoluble problems that nearly wreck him. It is a celebration of the "battle for self-acceptance," the drive toward a life of gentleness, serenity and ordered creativity, out of the chaos of rage and frustration. "How it beats in me day after day, every moment of my life, this tension between order and anger." What makes the book both fascinating and painful is its power to force the reader down through a series of increasingly demanding levels.

Circumstance is the first level: the bafflement, anger, violence and periodic despair of a man who knows he is a fine poet, and who feels that everything—his father, his repugnant job, the family whose support he has undertaken, the illness of his son, for which he often blames himself, the financial bog in which he is always sinking—has conspired to thwart his very nature, let alone his poetry. This is such an important aspect of the notebooks that it might easily be mistaken for their core. For a quarter of a century every hour of life was conditioned by this battle between the demands of Ignatow's nature and talent, and the daily wrestling with the nagging problems of survival. His

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spirits, self-control and images of himself as husband, father and man, were constantly damaged by the suffocating pressures of his situation. Nonetheless through these years depression is suddenly broken by a pure burst of joy—in poetry, in some specific minute, in a sense of relationship with the universe. Then the struggle resumes, and the battered ego strikes out in ways that cause a protracted sense of guilt. Rapidly, diametrically different conclusions succeed each other: religious exaltation, cynical revulsion, tenderness or animosity toward those close to him, alternate like the veering mind itself with its lightning transitions, contrary tides and nervous lunges. It is the extremely moving writing of a man who will neither idealize nor demean himself.

But below this level is the question of poetry itself, its nature, its justification. Ignatow is cold toward poetry-as-artifice, poetry-sufficient-unto-itself, poetry-as-personal-therapy. With the exception of Whitman, William Carlos Williams and Wallace Stevens, (the latter's work is basically uncongenial to Ignatow), he largely ignores poets who he feels do not share his emphasis that poetry's justification is its ability to communicate the knowledge of life. Poetry must be an open door, must be rooted solidly in a sharing, a reinforcement of mutual understanding. ". . . For me to write poetry today, it must serve the purpose of bringing right out of wrong, of advancing the day, the hour, the needed spirit."

Twenty-four of Ignatow's poems have been included in this well edited book, and they illustrate clearly the connections between the notebooks and the poetry. There is some, but relatively little, technical discussion of his own writing, and almost none of that shoptalk that commonly lards the prose of poets. But there are repeated variations on Ignatow's concept of poetry's function, on what have been his guiding considerations, though he is somewhat leery of theory in connection with the actual writing of poetry—"my contention would be that theory is shaping modern poetry to our own detriment today." He wants his poetry continually flexible, constantly responsive to the nuances of the outside world, of that reality that "withers quickly without constant delicate attention."

But even at this point, an important—the most important—level has not been reached. The circumstantial struggle, the esthetic struggle, are preparatory to the final effort, that of forming a total life, a total human being. Again and again Ignatow stresses that the grim fight for survival must be in the interest of the ultimate establishment of a serene and voluntary order. "I want my life on the level of ceremony and innocence."

There is strong religious hunger, alternately baffled and nourished. Hearing the psalms read at his father's grave, he knows that for himself these are the very paradigm of poetry, in purpose, concept and execution. The religious hunger continues, finds less and less satisfaction, persists without satisfaction; the final outlook is dignified and bleak, rising by conviction and will power to a kind of acceptance.

In the most recent parts of the notebooks, written after the poet received the recognition and financial security absent from his earlier and desperate years, the tone becomes increasingly melancholy, and though bitterness has disappeared, the spontaneous periods of exhilaration are more infrequent.

The *Notebooks* would be interesting on each of the three levels; alive on all three, it is hard to see how they can fail to have enduring value. Often a painful book to read, its writing must have made horrific demands. It carries the powerful and salutary sense of risk. "Writing" says Ignatow, "is after all a dangerous activity, every bit as dangerous as exposing oneself to lethal cosmic rays."

Josephine Jacobsen

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

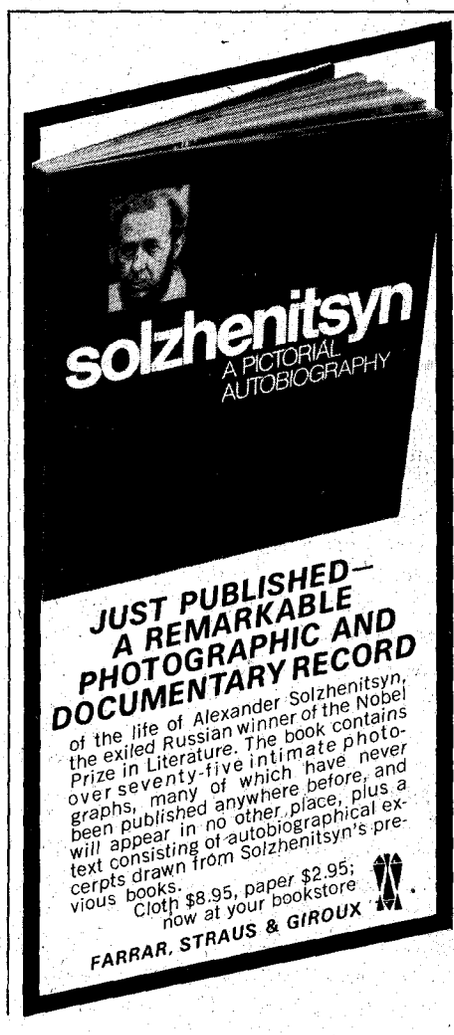
MARJORIE G. PERLOFF *is the author of* The Poetic Art of Robert Lowell *(Cornell University Press).* JOSEPH A. CALIFANO, *a Washington attorney, is the author of the forthcoming book* The Presidency: Power in Perspective *(Norton).* ADAM B. ULAM *is the author of* Stalin: The Man and His Era *(Viking).* RODELLE WEINTRAUB *teaches writing at Penn State and is assistant editor of* The Shaw Review. W. T. LHAMON, JR. *is a professor of English at Florida State University.* JOSEPHINE JACOBSEN'S *most recent book is* The Shade-Seller: New & Selected Poems *(Doubleday).* STEPHEN DUNN'S *first collection of poetry,* Looking for Holes in the Ceiling *(University of Massachusetts Press) has just been published.* ALBERT SCHWARTZ *is on the development faculty of Empire State College, NY.* GERDA BLUMENTHAL *is the author of* The Poetic Imagination of George Bernanos *(John Hopkins Press).* HARRIS GREEN *is a New York City editor who covers theater and music.* JILL HOFFMAN'S *latest book of poems is* Mink Coat *(Holt, Rinehart & Winston).*

Single Humanity

The Old Ones of New Mexico by Robert Coles

(University of New Mexico Press; $7.95)

Robert Coles did not originally intend to write this book. In 1972 he and Alex Harris, a friend and an excellent photographer, set out for New Mexico under a Ford Foundation grant to find out about the experience of American children of Spanish ancestry. Coles' previous itinerary had brought him into close contact with Chicano children in the East. His sympathetic observations and reporting of the quality of childhood among migrant workers, sharecroppers and mountaineers had led him West, through Texas, to the Spanish-American settlements of northern New Mexico. *Children of Crisis* gave its readers access to the poignant realities of childhood among people excluded from power, economically exploited, deprived of the "benefits" of middle-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class America. Coles went to New Mexico to continue this chronicle, to find out how the Hispanic view of life is communicated to its children. But once he began to ask about the children many of the people, and especially the mothers and the priests, told him, sometimes emphatically, to talk to the old people. "If you want to know about the children," one priest stated, "you must first speak with the old people."

The Old Ones is, then, a kind of accident, and a fortunate one indeed. The book is superbly presented, composed of striking photographs by Alex Harris and a text assembled from the language of the old people themselves. The skill, affection and respect that characterize all of Coles' observations serve here to convey one of the vital sources of strength in the Spanish-speaking communities of New Mexico. Old men and women met in these pages speak their thoughts and feelings with patience, fortitude, compassion, humor and pride. As a collective portrait this book allows its subjects to reveal themselves with a directness and immediacy that renders social analysis of their situation almost superfluous.

The old men and women know that the lives they have led are threatened by those with money and power. They know that technology and economic encroachment threatens the basis of their work on the land. Their children work for "Anglos" and their education may leave them deeply divided about their past and their people. Their lives are very hard and precarious. Yet they sustain the integrity of their view of the world, guided by a strong Catholic faith, itself sometimes a source of fear and doubt, sometimes superstitious, yet a source of their courage. Perhaps most importantly, they sustain their families. They need no one outside to tell them that their lives have been productive and are worthy of respect: their children and their children's children, in the face of all the contrary tugs of generations, continue to learn from the old ones.

In his introduction Coles points out that these Spanish Americans, unlike so many other immigrant groups, have not had to forsake their own cultural traditions. The split in language, customs, and the sense of authority that has divided the generations in other immigrant groups has not affected their lives as severely. The Spanish-American community is certainly not static; nor is respect for the old people taken for granted. And even though Coles heard some of the old people wish nostalgically that their sons and daughters could live the same life they have, still, they recognize changes and face them with a strong realism.

Alex Harris' photographs are splendid. They present their subjects with concrete immediacy. The people appear at work, in play, in repose, at religious ceremonies and in images of their close memories. The lines of their faces mirror the contours of the land and mountains. In some of the photographs they seem to blend with the sunbaked walls of their adobes. Their eyes look out directly and they tell whole stories of the presence and ethos of old age, with tact and unpretentious skill, giving the text a valuable visual counterpart.

The text is not so much "written" as composed, like the photographs, from the directly felt experience of the people themselves. Here an old woman speaks of the sadness of her age and the pity she and her husband sometimes feel for each other. But, she says, "A few drops of rain and I feel grateful; the air is so fresh afterwards." At midday she and her husband sit on their bench against the wall of their house and take tea together. "The tea warms us inside, the sun on the outside. I joke with my husband; I say we are part of the house; the adobe gets baked, and so do we." They enjoy the sounds of the birds and the silences. Then she speaks of her moods:

> *My moods are like the church bell on Sunday: way up, then down, then up again—and often just as fast. I make noises, too; my husband says he can hear me smiling and hear me turning sour. When I am sour, I am really sour—sweet milk turned bad.*

Her daughter tells her that their lives have been split: they are Spanish, but they are American, and in this country "the Anglos are kings." The old woman cannot disagree with her children, yet she hopes that they do not take the message too seriously and come to feel ashamed of their own people and history. As for herself, she will hold to her faith in a single humanity:

> *We have two languages, I know. We are in the middle; we don't know where to go, who to turn to. Or is it that we turn in one direction, then another? But God has given each of us a soul, and it is the soul that really counts. I do not have a Spanish soul, or a soul that is part Anglo. The soul is the place where each of us, no matter what language we speak, no matter our color, meets the Creator.*

With this quiet affirmation, she voices the proud identity of her life.

The book provides a powerful reminder of what is lost by the neglect of our white American culture where old age is perceived as a threat and old people disposed of as unproductive waste. Listen to another Spanish woman speak of her repetitious habits:

> *Habits are not crutches; habits are roads we have paved for ourselves. When we are old, and if we have done a good job, the roads last and make the remaining time useful: we get where we want to go, and without the delays we used to have when we*

Waiting with Two Members of a Motorcycle Gang for My Child to Be Born

For Andrea

I was talking to "The Eliminators"
when you were born,
two of them, high as slag heaps and
uncles to be,
all in black for the occasion.
All you wanted was out
you couldn't have known that you
were "Life"
when you came, or that your father
was let loose
from graduate school, a believer in
symbols.
I expected "The Eliminators" to
disappear, snuffed out
by a stronger force, a white tornado of
my own.
That's not what happens, though, in
life
as you will learn. They smiled when
they heard of you
and shook my hand. At another time it
might
have been my head. May you turn
stone, my daughter,
into silk. May you make men better
than they are.

STEPHEN DUNN

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were young.

When the younger men speak of themselves as *Chicanos*, the old ones recognize a part of themselves in this term; yet, as one old woman says,

> *Spanish, we are Spanish. Many of us have some Indian blood, too. But I will tell you: I am a woman and a mother and Domingo a man and a father, and both of us belong to this country and no other, and we owe allegiance to the state of New Mexico. Should we give ourselves one name or another, or should we get each day's job done?*

To be sure, these old people are "conservative." The priest we meet in the final pages holds firmly to the old images of his original Catholicism. He is sharply critical of "modern" ways. But nowhere in these pages will one meet the kind of bitter and defensive conservatism that corrodes communities from within. An old man whose fortitude remains undaunted tells his grandchildren, when they urge him to be proud, that he is an old Chicano who has survived the pains of this life:

> *. . . I never thought of life as painful; I lived and enjoyed myself. There was sickness and suffering, too. But one doesn't give up. If it will help my grandchildren to live better lives, I will call myself a Chicano and offer what strength I have left to* la causa. *I told my son as much, and he said he only wanted my approval. I embraced him for saying that.*

And then one old man offers his wife in their old age this tribute:

> *She is not just an old woman, you know. She wears old age like a bunch of fresh-cut flowers. She is old, advanced in years,* vieja, *but in Spanish we have another word for her, a word which tells you that she has grown with all those years. I think that is something one ought to hope for and pray for and work for all during life: to grow, to become not only older but a bigger person. She is old, all right,* vieja, *but a bigger person. She is old, all right,* vieja, *but I will dare say this in front of her: she is* una anciana: *with that I declare my respect and have to hurry back to the barn.*

Albert Schwartz

Victim of Demons

George Bernanos by Robert Speaight

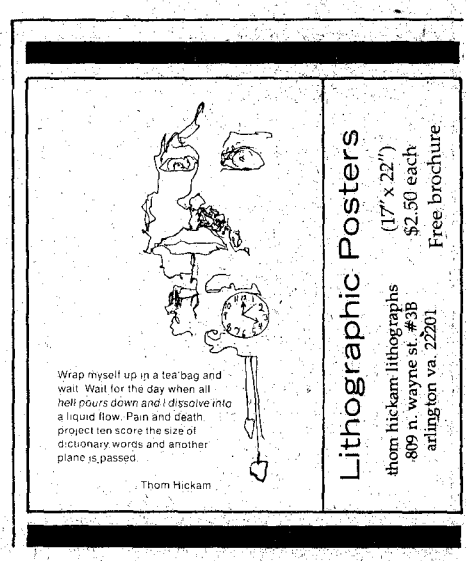
(Liveright; $8.95)

The interplay between a great writer's life and his fiction is complex. The inner contradictions, the turbulence, the *impostures* of his existence all play their part; it is in the works of his imagination that he most truly faces up to them and masters them. Georges Bernanos was no exception. His greatest works—*Diary of a Country Priest, Mouchette, The Open Mind (Monsieur Ouine), Dialogues of the Carmelites*—and even such earlier, flawed novels as *Under the Sun of Satan* and *Joy*, not merely reflect struggle for spiritual survival that marked his personal life and the cataclysms of his time; they anticipate the shape of things to come, and consummations never to be fully realized in the here and now.

His major creative period was short, lasting from 1926 when he published *Under the Sun of Satan* to 1937, when he gave up writing novels (as did Malraux) in order to speak directly to the events that were beginning to turn Europe into a graveyard. Throughout the decade that followed, he wrote polemical essays and articles in which, with a sense of outrage bordering on despair, he denounced the Franco reprisals—blessed by the bishops—in Spain, the Munich pact, the shame of the Collaboration and finally, the Liberation's aftermath of cynicism and vengefulness that snuffed out his last hopes for justice.

Except for *Les Enfants humiliés* (banally translated as *Tradition of Freedom*), these works have paled now beside the earlier fiction. In his polemical writings and speeches, he was too close to the contingencies of history. The voice that speaks through them has in it a bitterness and at moments a blind despair, which suggest that even this most truthful of men becomes to a degree the prisoner of his role—the role of France's conscience and prophet of doom—and a victim of his own demons. Albert Béguin, who was both his friend and his finest critic, pleaded with him in 1946 to return to writing fiction. "What we need," he wrote to him in a letter quoted by Speaight, "and what only you can give us, is the presence of a soul running the ultimate risks, and this can only be truly communicated by your characters. The Two Mouchettes teach me more about the condition of the French soul than the most vehement of your articles—and they can do more to arouse and cure it." Mr. Speaight himself says, somewhat feebly: "It is arguable that [Bernanos] served the causes he had at heart better by his imagination than by his polemical writings, *for here neither facts nor controversy could refute him.* (Italics mine.)

This seems to me to miss the point. Georges Bernanos' real adversary, the only one that came close to refuting his deep, childlike faith, his loves, his hopes, was what Speaight in a moment of far finer perception calls the "demon of the Absolute." It turned his vision of a kingdom of grace accessible to all men into a nightmare vision, in which a modern world—arid, putrid, violent and peopled by "stumps of men"—is being drained of its last vestiges of life by God's ape, the Prince of the World. Through the cursed refractions of his own "sun of Satan," Bernanos' perception of things in real life was both uncannily accurate and in a sense demonic, in that it tended to blast through the finite realities of his own self and of others, and to be mesmerized by the abysses it uncovered. Only in the slow, painstaking writing of his novels did his imagination, in its very concreteness and in its love for the saints and heroes and humiliated children it kept conceiving, come to the aid of his embattled faith and helped him win his struggle for a reconciliation with himself and with the world. The transmutation of a Donissan's—and his own—wrathful challenge of the enemy, into a narrative voice able to release infinite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reverberations of compassion at the very heart of tales of delusion and betrayal, marks a spiritual victory made possible by art.

Robert Speaight does not approach things from this perspective. His interests are those of a biographer—his earlier works include biographies of Belloc and Teilhard de Chardin—and what matters to him is the writer's life. Which would be fine, had he not felt compelled to make his biography a "life and works" study. He dutifully deals with the creative works within the context of their respective periods, but does so in a way which makes them appear incidental, largely of documentary value. Even on that level, his accounts of them are too haphazard and muddled to add much.

His treatment of Bernanos the man and pamphleteer, on the other hand, is very fine. Though the reader gets few glimpses of the inner man—his struggles are depicted largely in terms of ideas and issues—what comes across is a giant. Starting out at the opposite end of the political spectrum, the extreme right of Maurras and his Action Française, Bernanos was direct heir of the prophetic spirit and voice of Péguy. With great objectivity and understanding, Speaight retraces the writer's lifelong failure, from the boisterous fights of the youthful *camelot du roi* to the ageing, sick man's final curses against just about everyone, right, left and center, for turning justice into a farce, to reconcile his mystical vision of France with the realities of the Sixth Republic.

Bernanos' belief in the Christianizing and civilizing mission of *la patrie* (as opposed to the nation) and his spiritual rootedness in the aristocratic and hierarchical principles of the age of Saint Louis and the *grand siècle*, were closely akin to de Gaulle's. But unlike the General, who was forced to seek ways of reconciling dream and reality, Bernanos refused to compromise. The ultimate image of him that emerges from these pages is that of a haunted nomad exiled, at least intermittently, from everything to which he truly belonged; his country from which he kept fleeing—to Majorca, to Brazil, to North Africa, his fiction, perhaps even his faith. Just before his death in 1948, he found his way home and, in a divine gift of remission from wrath, wrote his magnificent literary testament, the *Dialogues*. His was a life awesome in its risks and he had faced up to them fully.

Gerda Blumenthal

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Scoring Ives

From the Steeples and Mountains by David Wooldridge

(Knopf; $10)

America's pioneering composer Charles Ives (1874-1945) will receive no more Ivesian tribute during his centenary than this highly idiosyncratic "study" by David Wooldridge, an English musician now living in Connecticut. The embodiment of New England practicality, Ives composed part-time after a full day's work amassing millions in insurance and the stock market. He had studied at Yale under the genteel Horatio William Parker, but he was influenced far more by his father George, a bandmaster, choral director and business failure, who liked to have an ugly voice or two in his choir because no one could get "a wild, heroic ride to heaven on pretty little sounds."

Ives anticipated by decades many 20th-century ideas about harmony, rhythm, texture and tonality. Wooldridge is more indebted to Yale, particularly to John Kirkpatrick, curator of its Ives collection and editor of *Charles E. Ives: Memos* (Norton), who earns what seems like less than his share of thanks in the acknowledgments. Otherwise he has fashioned *From the Steeples* in a style worthy of the old master. Ives stirred in all sorts of keys, meters and banal hymn tunes. Wooldridge tosses in genealogy, almanacs, Bob Dylan lyrics and a rare kind of punctuation (((such as a fondness for multiple parentheses))).

There are stretches where individuality blends successfully with the conventional to evoke vastness and energy, or a cozy old wall-sampler kind of charm. Then, as in an Ives score, chaos is come again. The mixture doesn't blend but bristles with disparities. Content runs thin. The work takes on the appearance of a cyclone-struck scrapbook that had been crammed with trivia.

What is needed in a new book about Ives is not more facts about the stony hills of New England, but informed speculation about why his creative musical life "was pretty much over" at 43, why he lost one score after another and why he kept those he had managed to retain stored for 25 years in "a barn on Umpawaug Road" while he reduced them to near illegibility with revisions and marginalia. Such questions prompted Virgil Thomson, among others, to decide that Ives could not be taken seriously as a composer. Concert-goers who may have had their doubts simply from listening to his music will not be reassured to learn he considered almost everything played at concerts "ladies music," thought successful composers "emasculated" and scorned Mozart as "nice easy little sugar plum sounds."

Wooldridge will occasionally supply some valuable insider's comment about music-making but the subject of Ives the music-maker "who failed to survive" keeps throwing him. He knows it's A CRUCIAL TOPIC (hortatory capitalization is preferred in passages of stress), for he keeps returning to wrestle with it. He refuses to consider fully the one obvious explanation why Ives couldn't continue composing: He was paralyzed by guilt at becoming a millionaire businessman, the kind of man scorned by his beloved father, George, the failure, who fallaciously equated success with corruption.

Clearly, Wooldridge comes to grips with this fact when he says Ives scorned Mozart out of envy of one father-trained composer who had not betrayed his sire's ideal. Then he backs away from Ives the Businessman as if he were appalled by this incongruous creature, too: "If Ives did not ultimately survive, as an artist, it had nothing to do with his being a man of wealth." No, it was a "personal crisis" around 1918, involving World War I and a heart attack, that not only destroyed Ives the Musician but made Ives the Businessman look upon his labor at Ives & Myrick as "meaningless." The evidence Wooldridge ignores to reach this conclusion is intriguing. Not stressed is the fact that Ives passed through this crisis to spend 11 more "meaningless" years raking in dough at I&M. Barely acknowledged is the fact that he was working all the while with the fervor of a crank for the passage of a law limiting property rights. And not mentioned at all is that this composer, who could write little music afterward, was impelled to grind out a sublimely tedious neo-platonic "dialogue" called, significantly, "George's Adventure," in which George insists that the Lord's elect never get rich.

One needn't be a trained psychologist to marvel at such near-schizoid behavior or to infer that any man who considered success emasculating would feel incapable of creating after becoming wealthy—might, indeed, even court obscurity. And one shouldn't try to write a wild, heroic paean that tells all about Ives without giving that UGLY VOICE of the Businessman a more prominent part, discordant though it may be.

Harris Green

Fine Print

Doris Grumbach

Add this note to the report on the American Booksellers Association meeting (*TNR*, June 22, 1974): At the convention I was given a free copy of a book about a book to come. James Michener's blockbusting book, *Centennial*, has evoked from Random House a handsome, limited-copy (3200) little volume, printed especially for booksellers and librarians. It is titled **About Centennial** and was distributed at ABA. A fine piece of autobiography-publicity-advance notice, it no doubt will appear in the preface to some edition of what promises to be RH's big fall (September) book. In it Michener writes that he has been thinking about (since 1936) and preparing to write for 35 years this huge book on Colorado, whose centennial is in 1976. The subject is, more exactly, America. Michener was disappointed by the failure of plans to mark this country's bicentennial with a significant national celebration, so he offers this work as his contribution to the event. He wants his readers to look back to "the roots of our nation," he is writing, he says, "a book about the American experience." Its form is to be unlike any other of his gargantuan volumes (*The Source, Hawaii, The Drifters*), a form suggested to him by "a marvellous device Edward Gibbon had used when writing his *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*," the use of running footnotes in order to keep his narrator within the frame of the widely disparate elements of the work.

I've seen books about writing books after the fact, and books about what happened to books after Hollywood worked on them, but this is the first one like this I've come upon. Rarely has

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any piece of advance notice made an unseen novel seem more inviting. It strikes me as a very clever, and most useful, way of giving (I quote from the jacket) "those who are concerned with the making and dissemination of books" a sense of what is to come.

England's **Times Literary Supplement** has a new editor, John Gross, and a new policy. Its long use of anonymity for reviews and extended criticism will end this month; more and more (until all) of its contributions will be signed. Gross discusses his reasons for the change in his editorial of June 7. Critics should be prepared to stand by their views, available to personal challenge or praise. Readers should know a reviewer's credentials for doing the review. Clearly there are disadvantages: many persons feel freer to say honestly what they feel if their names are not affixed to their copy; the chances of objectivity are perhaps greater when the reviewer's name does not appear. But many persons have pointed out that this may be deceptive: there is no such thing, they say, as valueless judgment, and objectivity is a myth. It is better to operate honestly, with a declaration of conviction (bias?). As one of our contributors has reminded me, if you can't stand the kitchen, stay out of the heat. The heat is considerable in reviewing. The reviewer must confront it personally. Or so *TLS* now thinks.

The most valuable compendium of materials on Watergate are the two volumes published by Congressional Quarterly, Inc. (no relation to the *Congressional Record*) at six dollars each. Scrupulously edited and maintaining the kind of objectivity necessary to a collection of this sort, **Watergate: Chronology of a Crisis** is what you need beside you to read the transcripts with understanding, certainly what you require if you want to get the background to any single event in the huge and scandalous saga that begins, in Volume I with: "A break-in at an office building in Washington, D. C. early in the morning of June 17, 1972," and then proceeds with narrative of facts, pictures of everyone even remotely connected, testimony, statements and strict day-by-day chronology of events until the last sentence of Volume II, which records events of May 1, 1974. The appendix to Volume II contains edited transcripts with useful interpolations. All in all these are encyclopedias of Watergate, indispensable when those inevitable arguments about what happened to whom and when start at the dinner table.

The same lovely to look at and fine to own books continue to flow from the presses of David Godine. I failed to mention one that first appeared in October 1973, **Putting Foods By,** "the only book in its field that describes in depth all the methods for safely preserving food at home." Also published in paperback, the book, authored by Ruth Hertzberg, the late Beatrice Vaughan and Janet Greene, is now in its fifth printing, sells for $4.50 in paper, $6.95 hardbound, and is the only available guide to the old ways—and the new—of canning, freezing, pickling, smoking, drying, "even root-cellaring." The writing is sprightly, the information (seemingly) entirely reliable. Proof of its acceptance, the publisher informs us, is that 11 gift mail-order houses list it in their catalogues, as well as several seed catalogues—both surprising yet profitable sources of book sales.

At the same time I urge you to look at Godine's **Art of the Printed Book** (1455—1955), written by Joseph Blumenthal. This beautiful book ($22.50) draws upon the Pierpont Morgan Library collection, reproduces 112 of what Blumenthal regards as the most excellently designed books in 500 years of typography. Typographic and calligraphic volumes are one of David Godine's specialties; this is a fine example of his own typographic care.

Next installment in the **Encylopaedia Britannica** saga: it has now issued what it calls "a rare Limited Edition" of its new 30 volumes. This edition is bound in Scottish goatskin, is accompanied by a matching leatherbound replica of the three-volume first edition of *EB* (1768-1771); the first volume has a special page on which the autographs of the editor, the director of planning and the chairman of the board of editors appear. Twenty-six sets of these were printed, each set costs $5000. All are sold: 17 in the US, eight in Canada, one in the Philippines. So much for the Rolls Royce of EBs.

RB looks at recent fiction: Paul Gallico is the author of 39 previous books, four of which have been for children. He has been widely acclaimed for some of his writings, including *The Snow Goose,*

Green Costumes

1.
our gloves holding hands
we circle the aging
starlet on ice, stationary
as her long red wig that she pats
in an emerald costume
with flesh tights and bare arms raised
waiting for the old sad song to begin
as if she were twelve in her first bedroom
motioning to her clear admirerers in the flattering
mirror
while the chill audience hangs over like cherubs
tittering or stars at her sheer curtain.

2.
take heart,
I will sew on words like leaves to your motherless shadow,
I will brace you with green children
clinging to the ivy arabesques of capitals
in a book I will write,
skating unabashed
naked with dull blades over the rink's white bruises.

JILL HOFFMAN

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the *Mrs. 'Arris* novels and *The Poseidon Adventure*. His present work, however, **The Boy Who Invented the Bubble Gun,** (Delacorte; $6.95), is a confectionary tale of adventure. It may appeal to precocious youngsters or suspended adults. The hero is a nine-year-old prodigy who has invented a toy gun that spurts soapy bubbles. Because his father, with more acumen than paternalism, fails to enthuse over this device, Julian West runs away from his home in San Diego determined to patent the invention in Washington. He boards a bus with the gun and enough tuna fish to make six sandwiches.

Thus starts this ready-mix adventure story that involves, to quote the author, "goodie" and "baddie" passengers, a special agent for the Pentagon and one for the Kremlin, a high school couple masquerading as honeymooners, *et alia*. The adventures roll like a Greyhound. There is an aborted homosexual episode, a thwarted bus hijacking, a photographing of the bubble gun as a dangerous American weapon, a nationwide search for Julian begun by his parents, and other events too cute to recall with composure.

Gallico writes with well paced sentimentality. The audience for this book is somewhat blurred, but one can imagine it a successful family film evoking chuckling suspense and complacent acknowledgement from its youthful viewers. Or will it be the parents clapping their reddened hands as children slide cynically toward the exits?

R. V. Cassill's subjects, in many of his 20 works, are outsized geniuses or eccentrics. They may be poets, as in *Clem Anderson*, or professors of classics, as in *La Vie Passionée of Rodney Blackthorne*, successful osteopaths (*Dr. Cobb's Game*) or immensely gifted artists—**The Goss Women** (Doubleday; $8.95). Whatever their vocation, their major preoccupation is always fornication. This may represent Cassill's view of our times—an era in which copulation is a primal need. Most of these carnal scenes are factually narrated, like the arrivals and departures of suburban trains. Occasionally, however, psychoerotic phenomena occur that may give the reader hope, depending upon viewpoint, that even the dead lust and fuse. Nor does Cassill hesitate to retreat to limits of demonic possession.

The Goss Women, however, is not pornographic literature. To the contrary; its characters are gifted, generous, talented, visionary, sincere people only different in their extrasexual perception. Their affection is pure, often bordering upon transcendental ecstacy and lavish outpourings.

The story concerns the aging painter, Goss, recognized as one of America's greatest artists. His ménage consists of many women: Fiona, the wealthy, sensible one who caters to his worldly comfort; Susan Vail, authorized biographer, mistress and last wife; Tamisan Vail, her daughter and Goss' beloved model of youth; two dead spouses who do not allow their demise to preclude influence upon the living; and, finally, his beautiful son, Jason, loved and hated for his existence. There are minor characters who emerge and disappear, frequently endowed with mythic or satanic powers that surface at the author's will. All these personae gravitate about Goss during the last years of his extraordinary, life-affirming career, abetting or marring his last titanic canvases.

The reader's attitude wavers between irritation at vapidities and recognition of narrative power. Cassill possesses a storyteller's ability to maintain momentum, create diverse characters, develop ingenious variations upon a theme, and portray a selective segment of society. But the total effect is one of *ennui*. Despite the progression of events and the emotional complications of the characters, one knows that the eventual solution will be an inevitable kaleidoscopic interchange of genitalia.

Patricia Highsmith is a well known writer of suspense novels. Her antihero is a suave, overcivilized amoral American, Tom Ripley, who plots and murders without strain. He lives with his French wife in a cameo villa near Fontainebleau enjoying garden blooms of exotic beauty and Bach on a harpsichord.

The present novel, **Ripley's Game** (Knopf; $5.95), concerns his bland consent to furnish his friend, Reeves Minot, with a respectable killer. Minot wishes to eliminate the presence of Mafia (in gambling operations in Hamburg) who interfere with his personal profits. Ripley succeeds in involving a poor, decent Englishman who, knowing he is dying of leukemia, persuades himself that this is the only way he can leave his wife and son a protective legacy. Had he been able to use the hemoglobin spilled in the commitment of ensuing crimes, he might have been cured of his disease.

These events defy credulity, suspense or fear. Ripley is not the kind of killer mystery readers have the right to expect, for the author is so obviously on his side that she does not permit Ripley's suede to scratch. Hence the events proceed like a recipe for gourmet carnage. Tom Ripley triumphs and will, undoubtedly, reappear in Miss Highsmith's next novel. Hopefully, he will, at least, have to use a cheaper eau de cologne that will permit the odor of human sweat to escape.

Kauffmann, *from page 18*

tiously knowing without knowing anything.

But while the film is going, it really goes. Alan J. Pakula has directed with less showing-off than in *Klute*, though it's easy to see his borrowings from Antonioni (tiny figures in huge urban landscapes) and his remembrance of Frankenheimer. (The last sequence, in a convention hall, inescapably suggests *The Manchurian Candidate.*) Gordon Willis photographed in rightly cold

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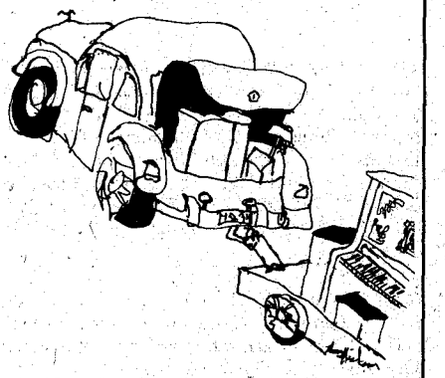

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color; Michael Small supplied a good score; and George Jenkins, who used to do good theater settings, has done good film settings here. Note the inquiry commission's judicial bench: absolutely realistic but set in the middle of nowhere—to suggest that their preciseness of opinion is set in the middle of fantasy.

Book Note. James L. Limbacher has just compiled and edited the fourth edition of *Feature Films on 8mm and 16mm* (Bowker). The price is $16.50, but the book is priceless to anyone who rents films. Limbacher's directory is a cross-index to several hundred catalogs of American film distributors and film libraries, and it lists more than 15,000 films. Each entry gives the essential data for each film, including the running time and of course the source from which it may be rented or bought. In many cases there are several sources. The rental fee is not included because many distributors have differing fees depending on different types of showing; so you need distributors' catalogues as well—particularly if you want fuller details about the picture. But if you have ever thumbed through 20 or 25 individual catalogs trying to track down a picture, you know what a boon Limbacher is. A spotcheck shows that the few errors and omissions I noted in the third edition have been corrected.

In the back are lists of distributors with addresses, alphabetical and by area, also a list of directors with the films of theirs that are included. The book is a prime tool for all those in the field.

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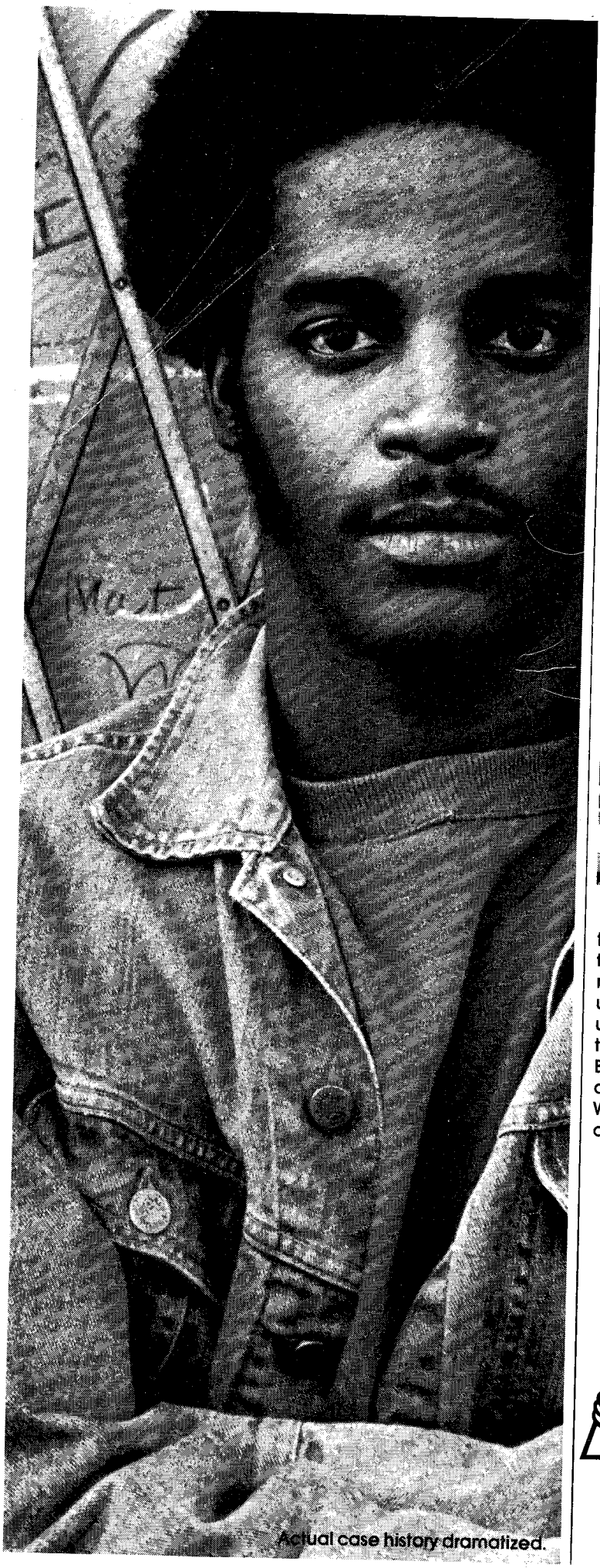

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